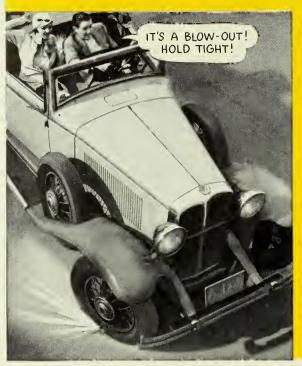


LEGION



YOUTH MUST CHOOSE By Rupert Hughes

DON'T GAMBLE! EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED WHEN BLOW-OUTS THROW CARS OUT OF CONTROL





THIS TIRE MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE!



Heat inside the tire causes invisible blisters which grow and grow until BANG! A blow-out!



Golden Ply Silvertown Gives You Real Blow-out Protection . . . and months of extra mileage, too

EVERY year automobiles travel faster and faster. Wheels are smaller. Cars are built closer to the road. Tires that were good enough under former conditions couldn't stand the "gaff" and blew out. That's why Goodrich engineers invented the Golden Ply. It was needed to save lives! It was needed to give motorists real protection against treacherous blow-outs at today's high speeds!

What causes blow-outs

At speeds of 40, 50 and 60 miles an hour, the inside of the tire gets as hot as boiling water. The rubber in the outer ply breaks down-loses its grip on the tread. A blister forms-and grows bigger, BIGGER, until, BANG! A blow-out! And you need plenty of luck to keep off the accident list.

That's why every new Goodrich Silvertown has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This remarkable invention resists heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus, blisters don't form inside the tire. The great, unseen cause of blow-outs is prevented before it begins.

Remember, Goodrich Safety Silvertowns not only have Golden Ply blow-out protection inside the tire, where you need it most-but on the outside they also have the toughest tread ever built. Think what this means to you in extra security-in months of extra mileage. See your Goodrich dealer

ARA about a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns for your car. They cost not a penny more than other standard tired

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertow n Safety League, and receive one FREE Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 406, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.





The Goodrich Soffety Silvertown WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY



"Few women care to be seen with a man who needs a shave"

SAYS GRACE PERKINS, FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "NIGHT NURSE"



Who can blame the girl for walking out on the party! Women agree that the humiliation of a half-shaved escort is hard to bear! Few people will deny that stubble is inexcusable—yet many men risk the respect of others by failing to shave well and often.

GRACE PERKINS

Let Grace Perkins, the famous author of "Night Nurse," and other best-selling novels give you the woman's viewpoint. "Few women care to be seen with a man who needs a shave," says Miss Perkins. "If a man hasn't enough respect to shave carefully before he goes out with a girl, he cannot value her friendship very highly. I don't think anyone would blame her for not seeing him again."

Made for tender skin

With today's Gillette "Blue Blade" there's no excuse for stubble. Here's a razor blade that's made for men with tender skin. It is especially processed to permit clean, close shaving every day-or twice a day, when necessary, with perfect comfort.

Special automatic honing and stropping processes give the "Blue Blade" its marvelous, free stroking edge. No other razor blade is produced by this exclusive method. Only today's Gillette "Blue Blade" can give you the keenness that makes frequent shaving so much easier—so much more pleasant.

If you haven't a Gillette razor, or need a new one, ask your dealer for the "Red and Black" Special—or see coupon below.

Remember-the Gillette Razor with its flexible blade, is adjustable to the special requirements of your beard. A slight twist of the handle adjusts the blade to the exact shaving edge desired for clean, close shaving. Without this essential feature no razor can be entirely satisfactory.



illette BLUE BLADES

5 FOR 25¢ 10 FOR 49¢

Gold-Plated Gillette Razor and 5 Gillette "Blue Blades" Only 49c

• Heavily gold-plated with new-style "husky" handle. Comes in handsome red and black case with 5 Gillette
"Blue Blades." If your dealer
cannot supply you, send coupon and 49 cents to: -

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. Boston, Mass.

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State	X

Jor God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our commadeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

August, 1934



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Cover Design: "LAND WHERE MY FATHER	rs died" by L	oren F. Wilford	
TWENTY YEARS AFTER	by Alex	ander Gardiner	5
Uncorking Good Time	strations by Kenneth Fuller Camp	by Hugh Wiley	7
How the German Veteran Is Faring	b_{2}	Dorothy Giles	10
Youth Must Choose	Cartoons by John Cassel	Rupert Hughes	I 2
Points South	by F	Fred C. Painton	16
FOR MAN AND FOR GOD	by A awing by Herbert Morton Stoops	Alva J. Brasted	18
NAVY UNDRESS BLUES	by Claren Carloons by Herb Roth	ce H. Philbrick	20
THE CORE OF PREPAREDNESS	by William	n H. Tschappat	22
ALL WASHED UP		by Wallgren	24
Bursts and Duds	Conducted	by Dan Sowers	25
PARKS AND PEOPLE	by Alexan	nder Sprunt, Jr.	26
ALL UNDER ONE ROOF	Cartoons by George Shanks	Walter Gregory	28
Water, Water, Nowhere	by Ph	ilip Von Blon	30
HITTING THE LINE ON THE HOME FRONT		by John J. Noll	34
THE VOICE OF THE LEGION			38

ATTEND YOUR DEPARTMENT CONVENTION

AUGUST is the most popular Department Convention month. A score or more of States will hold their annual conventions in the next four weeks. Your own Department may be one of them. Perhaps it is meeting in a hospitable city, at a mountain playground or beside cooling waters. Wherever it is, you'll be welcome. There will be lots of fun, and work too—and by being there you'll know early the important things which will come up at the Miami National Convention in October

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In reporting change of address (to Indianapolis office) be sure to include the old address as well as the new





For those who make living a fine art

Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

THE ORDER OF THE DAY

The order of the day is to order a case of BUDWEISER for the home. With this world-famous lager beer in the refrigerator, you become a perfect host on a moment's notice. To offer your guests beer is hospitality, but to offer them BUDWEISER is a gracious compliment. Serve it at dinner, with light luncheons, at bridge or on any occasion that brings good friends together. One generation after another has recognized BUDWEISER as the symbol of good living.

ANHEUSER-BUSCII, , SAINT LOUIS





TWENTY YEARS AFTER By Alexander Gardiner

WENTY years ago this month fate caught up with ten million more or less young Europeans and began feeding them into the gigantic hopper of a war that eventually became the greatest in history. The world is still paying for the blood and treasure that were poured out in that fifty-one months of concentrated fury, in the last twenty of which America had a portentous part.

Though the assassination of the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne and his consort, the immediate cause of it all, was perpetrated on June 28th of 1914, the first

declaration of war, that of Austria against Servia, did not come until July 28th, and as late as August 3d, when Germany violated Belgian neutrality, it was expected that a general European conflagration would be avoided.

During that fateful month of July, while chancelleries received informations and sent out instructions, and while staffs of a dozen armies and navies worked over plans for mobilization, people in general went about their usual affairs. Business throughout the world was showing a healthy upturn from a long

The front page headlines displayed by the group above tell the story—it is August, 1914, and the world is aflame. And what were YOU doing just before "An Austrian Army Awfully Arrayed Boldly By Battery Besieged Belgrade"? In the accompanying article are listed some of the things some people were doing during that fateful summer twenty years ago

depression period; it was vacation time—this war scare would end as others before it had. And here are some of the things that came to pass before war flamed.

BEEF prices were rising and a German aviator named Linnekogel made a new world's altitude record of 21,450 feet. A Labor deputy in the Fourth Russian Duma, his name Alexander Kerensky, was declaring that that body was bankrupt politically, while the Czar was narrowly escaping assassination at Odessa. The Cape Cod and Panama Canals were

just about ready to accommodate ships, and a Norwegian aviator had just flown from Scotland to Norway, 320 miles, in four hours and ten minutes. It had been a disagreeably cold and rainy month in London, Paris, and along our North Atlantic coast, but Berlin had been having torrid weather, the thermometer on occasion hitting more than ninety in the shade. Americans were overrunning England and the Continent, and London's Savoy Hotel was publishing display advertisements in American newspapers advising that sixty of every hundred of its guests

were Americans and that it would be advisable to cable or wireless for reservations.

British regular soldiers fired on a Dublin mob, killing four, and suffragettes raided Buckingham Palace in an attempt to present a petition to King George, while other votes-for-women crusaders slashed the Millais portrait of Carlyle in the National Gallery. The Kaiser was in the midst of a cruise to the North Capes, President Poincaré and Premier Viviani of France were returning from a mission to Russia, Herbert Hoover was resting in London

and preparing to return to California to help on plans for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and Franklin D. Roosevelt was making his political power felt in his home county of Dutchess in New York State: "It is now hinted," ran a dispatch to the New York Times from Poughkeepsie, "that all New York State appointments must have the approval of Mr. [F. D.] Roosevelt before they can get out of the White House." Former President Theodore Roosevelt was preparing to defend a libel suit brought against him by a New York political boss named William Barnes, and Secretary of State Bryan was taking a stand in favor of votes for women. President Wilson was hopeful that with former President Huerta of Mexico bound for Europe aboard a German warship, Francisco Villa would see the error of his ways and make his peace with President Carranza.

Almost simultaneous with publication of a report of a United States consular agent in England that "a simple and inexpensive machine for making a few pounds of ice would probably find a large sale" in his consular district came a story in a scientific publication that a household ice machine had been perfected. The consul had said that a machine requiring power would not be suitable, but the new-fangled contraption, alas, required electric current as well as chemicals. A Brooklyn motorboat made a new American speed record of 50.5 miles an hour, and the Automobile Club of America, aroused over the increasing multiplication of speed traps, was sending out bulletins to its members warning of specific places to be avoided. The motor vehicle commissioner of New Jersey was decrying the rising tide of automobile thefts and asking for legislation to curb use of automo-

biles in commission of crime. The high cost of living and Secretary Bryan's peace treaties caught cartoonists' fancy.

The locomotive engine was just a hundred years old, and Rodman Wanamaker's three-engine airboat, the America, had completed a successful flight on Long Island with a total load of 2600 pounds, as a preliminary to an attempt to cross the Atlantic. A somewhat slower but more certain passage to Europe could be bought in the steerage for \$20 on vessels of two steamship lines. The United States Government was bringing suit to force the dissolution of the New Haven Railroad as a monopoly, and passengers in thirty-five stage coaches in Yellowstone Park were held up by a couple of highwaymen who robbed them of \$3,000, had no objection to the use of cameras during the holdup, and escaped, at least temporarily, into the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming.

A new type of light summer suit for men was selling in New York for \$6.50. Women's skirts reached to the ankle, which should prove to today's younger generation that everything in fashions eventually comes back. The conventional bathing suit for women

featured a cape, flounced skirt with attendant parasol, hat, stockings and slippers, but there was a hint that the type of beach wear known today was on the way in this item from a humor column of a newspaper: "SHE-I wonder where I can have put my bathing suit? HE-Why, you've got it on." Irene and Vernon Castle were the acknowledged leaders in ballroom dancing, a young actress named Elsie Janis was in Paris ready to go on in a play called, "The Girl on the Film," while the stage's outstanding juvenile, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., was Broadway bound in "He Comes Up Smiling."

The Saxon Automobile Company of Detroit was advertising the Saxon car, which had successfully crossed the continent, to sell for \$395. The advertisement claimed thirty miles to the gallon, "catalogue and dealer's name on request." An original crayon drawing of Abraham Lincoln by Matthew B. Brady, the famous photographer of the Civil War, was sold for \$70.50 at a New York auction. "The Salamander," by Owen Johnson, was the best selling book in the United States.

Nineteen German schoolboys on a visit to London supplemented their Baedekers with copious notes, the while assuring the English press that they were not spies. A Paris jury found Mme. Caillaux, wife of a former premier, not guilty of murdering Gaston Calmette, editor of Figaro. The United States Navy's Mine Command Companies conducted a successful war test of submarines off Sandy Hook, exploding four mines and getting four hits. A Hindu ship carrying Hindu laborers bound for the wheat fields of western Canada was halted off Vancouver and forced to turn back by threats

to fire on her, which led one

of the leading newspapers of Montreal to comment, "It is singularly unfortunate that the first engagement of the Canadian navy should have to be directed against fellow British subjects on a vessel owned by Britain's only ally in all the world." Twelve hundred American surgeons were meeting in London, while at nearby Sulgrave Manor the United States Ambassador, Walter Hines Page, was receiving the keys of that ancestral home of the Washingtons in token of a hundred years of peace between Britain and America.

The movies were making inroads on the (Continued on page 40)



World's Largest Ships Fastest to the Continent --TO-

PARIS-LONDON-HAMBURG "VATERLAND" "IMPERATOR"

AUGUST 1 TWELVE NOON **AUGUST 12** NINE A. M.

Other sailings by the well-known steamers PRES. GRANT, July 30, 10 A. M. | PENNSYLVANIA, Aug. 8, 12 Noon

FROM " AUGUST 1 **AMERIKA BOSTON**

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN S. S. HAMBURG, AUG. 6, 11 A. M. HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE, 45 Broadway, N. Y.

German sailings which the war washed out as advertised July 27, 1914. The Vaterland, interned here, became the Leviathan and took nearly 100,000 Yanks to France. The Imperator, held in Germany, was turned over to the British by the peace conference and used to transport American troops home. It is now the Berengaria of the Cunard Line. The Amerika and Hamburg became respectively the America and Powhatan, American troopships

UNCORKING GOOD TIME

by HUGH WILEY

Illustrations by Kenneth Fuller Camp

THIS long range of sixteen years I have my dates mixed more or less on the sequence of these wine adventures. What of it? They were pleasant sunlit chapters in my shady life in sun-kissed France and it is still pleasant

to remember them. With preliminary apologies, therefore, to that ancient Greek who held that the gods hate a drunkard who remembers, and with your permission, I will submit this brief narrative of the Battle of Bordeaux as it was fought by one thirsty member of those tourists in O. D. who did the best they could whenever the corks began to pop.

From centuries of accumulated wisdom the Chinese say that a corkscrew cannot pull a man out of trouble. We can amplify that statement by saying that it went a long way toward making him forget the rain and the sleet with which the weather man welcomed us that first winter in sun-kissed France. Up to that time wine had been to me something to drink

after the bourbon gave out—and then I met André Guibal. Enjoying an overnight pass I had dinner scheduled for eight o'clock at the Restaurant Gruber. It was seven and I had an hour of drinking to enjoy before my dinner. Vermouth with extract of busted gall or something equally bitter seemed to be the style in apéritifs and I had one of these in the billiard room of the Café Cardinal where I watched a pair of punks at the billiard table run up strings of six and eight before their personal nervous tremors hit the cue ball. At my left sat a roly-poly stranger, sixty and gray. Midway of the vermouth I rolled a cigarette and when this was done I offered the stranger a fill for his pipe out of the toppy red tin of tobacco. The effect on the gentleman was a cross between Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

"Nothing was ever so good like your tobacco," he said, speaking English that left my French stopped at the post.

Our friendship ripened with the suddenness of spring in California. M. Guibal accepted my invitation to dine upon condition that I let him order the wines for our dinner.

Within the hour I had learned the first letter of the alphabet



of French wines. When dinner was done, at his invitation I accompanied him to his house where the second letter of the alphabet was set forth for my instruction. So far as I know his wine cellar may have been about the size of Central Park. At any rate in a little room adjoining it we sat until midnight while his wife brought out various vintages until the top of the table seemed to be a forest of bottles.

"First the bouquet, then the taste. Now, a gulp if you will—but do not drink it! Spit it out."

For three hours I tasted thirty or forty kinds of wine without



once swallowing a drop of it. "And now you know what these wines taste like," my friend said just before midnight. "From now on perhaps you can derive some pleasure from drinking them."

The odds on friendship stood one pipeful of tobacco against forty bottles of wine. It was true enough that through long months following my launching into this sea of vintage wines the obligation may have approached a more equitable status, but I shall not forget the warmth of this man's heart or the warmth of the honest wines that my generous teacher used.

We spoke of port at midnight and over the port situation M. Guibal draped a melancholy eye. "But wait! I have a friend on a ship that will be in harbor next week. He is a sardine merchant. You shall taste port when his ship comes in!"

As a country boy in the Middle West I had enjoyed bourbon and beer with now and then an order to the bartender for "a glass of port wine." Where this native port came from deponent sayeth not, but real port was to be a new story for me, one I was later to applied greatly.

I went aboard the sardine ship hand in hand with another strange coincidence of friendship.

M. Guibal was out of Bordeaux when the ship landed. I walked into the Restaurant Gruber for lunch and turned to the right, toward the marble topped table where I usually sat. The waiter, a veteran of Verdun, apologized, regretting that the table

was reserved for a gentleman and a lady who were presently to arrive.

Characteristically and rudely uncouth, "To hell with them birds," I said. "Maybe you can find another table for them." I sat down in this sequestered nook to the right of the entrance of the restaurant. Midway of my meal I discovered that a gentleman somewhat resembling Mussolini had fixed me for the target of his scowls. Alexander, the waiter, was apologizing. The gentleman was accompanied by the prettiest woman I had seen in France. I got the drift of the conversation and went ahead eating peas with a knife. Presently, that conscience which makes cowards of us all struggled to the surface and, with that characteristic chivalry for which all of us Rabble Engineers were noted I sent Alexander to the scowling gentleman with an apology, my compliments, and a bottle of champagne. The mission appeared to be hopeless for a while but after that a rapid convalescence set in and a smile bloomed on the countenance that had emitted all the harsh language as to what was what.

Alexander, beaming, came over to my table with the glad tidings of reconciliation. "M. Landerset invites you to have coffee with him and his lady."

No sooner said than done. The war clouds were phantoms of memory. The coffee was followed by a three-mile ride to a country café outside of Bordeaux, a Treaty of Peace, three washtubs full of champagne and various subsequent chapters of a



"First the bouquet, then the taste. Now, a gulp if you will-but do not drink it! Spit it out"

thrilling drama, some of which are more or less vague in my memory. There remains a distinct picture of the little lady telling the cock-eyed world that Landerset and I were mighty African hunters capable of knocking a chimpanzee out of the top limb of any tree that ever grew. The grounds of the café were equipped with trees. There were overhead tables rigged in some of the limbs of some of these old trees, rickety stairways and ladders by which an agile chimpanzee might climb aloft, and ammunition enough to supply the most diligent marksman. The champagne was Cliquot of what vintage I forget, and the game was to knock the chimpanzees out of the trees with the popping corks. As a penalty for a miss one drank the champagne. This went on for ten or fifteen years and strangely enough the more champagne we drank the less accurate became our aim. We finally capitulated and adjourned for dinner.

"Dinner at the Chapeau Rouge," I suggested. "They have swell ham and eggs at that joint."

"I have a ship in the harbor," Landerset suggested. "We might dine on board if you desire."

And so we dined on board with the skipper of Landerset's ship and a couple of his officers.

"I am going to give you some port," Landerset said when

dinner was over. "A friend of mine, André Guibal, says it is the best port in the world. He is an old fool about wines. You will enjoy meeting him."

"I have met him," I said.

And so we had port. It seemed to be different from the port I had drunk in southern Illinois. "It is a generous wine," Landerset conceded modestly, and then, remembering the hunting expedition of the afternoon, "but no wine can be so pleasant as the champagne we had this afternoon.'

No wine could be so pleasant but the target practice with the champagne corks bit deep, and I never got over it. I thought I was cured of this until there came a night, weeks later, when the shooting habit came back at a most embarrassing moment. We had not been exposed to much military discipline at the time. Squads east and west, the mess call and the paper work connected with a pay voucher was about ninety percent of my military knowledge. At this point I dined with a soldier of the old school. He was a major who had seen enough service to ruin him for some of the finer things of life.

We dined at a restaurant in a little town on the right bank of the Garonne-the town of Lormont. Our camp at the time was on a hill above Lormont. After our dinner, which had been more or less liquid, the major and I started up hill to camp. We walked along a street of old houses. The front rooms of many of

these houses had been sacrificed to the owner's commercial instinct. Shelves lined the walls of these rooms and on these shelves was wine enough of various kinds to sink a small ship.

I said to the major, out of my abundant store of knowledge, "They have some cheap champagne for sale in a lot of these houses. Some of it is good. Two or three francs a bottle."

"Let's look it over," the major said. "I'm a bit thirsty after that big dinner."

We looked over the local wine supply in five or six houses and

came out of the investigation carrying six bottles apiece, not in our stomachs where wine should be carried but in our overcoat pockets. At the crest of the hill before we encountered the first sentry

outside our camp there stood a little structure ornamented with a steeple in which there hung a bell. At this point in our travels we paused to open a bottle of champagne. The old instinct for target practice came back and we fired a total of seven or eight shots at the bell, all of which scored in a big way.

Thereafter, burping heartily, "I'll handle the sentry," the major announced. "Fall in to my left."

I fell in. The major handled the sentry and we marched across an open terrain in the dark, heading for our quarters. The march was enlivened by an oration by the major relative to the necessity for absolute quiet. "It is nearly midnight," the major said. "We must go quietly." (Continued on page 40)



How the GERMAN

OR some years after the Armistice the German war veteran was looked on by the folks back home as a reminder of a very disagreeable time; which, the sooner forgotten—and the veteran with it—the better. Everyone who read Remarque's *The Road Back* remembers his picture of a Germany whose self-respect was defeated more thoroughly than her army was. And everyone who heard or read the proposals and promises of Berlin's Big Business Boys in the post-inflation years knows how eager they were to have the world understand that they knew the war had been one terrible mistake which they were anxious to forget, and to have forgotten, as soon as might be.

All fair enough for international trade, and for saving face at Geneva and Locarno and the other holiday resorts where the big bankers and the debt planners got together. But, as Fritz put it up to Hans, what about the 80,000 wounded? What about the mothers and wives and orphans of the 2,000,000 dead? What about the 1,000,000 veterans, like themselves, hein? Could they get the war out of their systems as quickly and as easily as all that? As though those four years in the trenches around Verdun had been a dream, dreamed in the nap between dinner and the four o'clock glass of beer. A nice little nap that had been in the Argonne in the late summer of 1918! An American shell had put his own leg to sleep so soundly that it had never since waked up.

"Ja, ja," Hans agreed. And Karl, who had hitched his chair across the sanded floor to join in, reminded everybody present that the German soldiers who had been called "heroes" in 1914 when the first regiments moved across the Meuse, were called "strike breakers" when they came back to the Fatherland after the Armistice.

Gloomily Fritz and Hans and Jacob and Ernst agreed with him that it was *schade*. Or, in other words, tough luck. They hadn't won the war, but was there an army in the world that could go through three years fighting against the combined armies of

by Dorothy Giles

three other nations, and then in the fourth year take on a couple of million fresh troops aus Amerika, and come out on top?

Now all that is changed. The Kriegsopferversorgung—yes, that's the dainty little mouthful by which the Germans call their national War Veterans Association—has stepped up into prominence in the Reich's political and social life. In the first years after the war a number of veterans' societies sprang up in Germany, all of them only more or less official or even national. With the coming into power of the National Socialists two years ago, and the emergence of the Reich as a fascist state, most of these organizations passed out of existence. The others were combined into one national association—strictly Nazi—to which Chancellor Adolf Hitler, one-time corporal, belongs and whose official badge he wears.

Like Hitler, so do nearly a million other veterans of the Meuse and the Somme and the Marne. They wear their badges and their war ribbons with conscious pride. If they didn't win the war, at least they showed the color of their patriotism and their devotion to the Fatherland. And that, according to the Kriegsopferversorgung, is what counts.

As the motto painted on the wall of the Association's headquarters in Berlin declares, *Soldat Sein, Dauert über Krieg und Frieden*. (To be a soldier, lasts through war and peace.)

In the one-time imperial palace in Berlin, which every tourist can now stare his way through for fifty pfennigs, the first of all sights is the desk in the ex-kaiser's study, at which he sat to sign



VETERAN is Faring

the order for the mobilization of the German armies, and the declaration of what was to become the World War. A brass plate let into the desk at the spot where the signer's wrist probably rested as he wrote that fatal "Wilhelm II" tells the story for all time to come. The German sightseers who visit that room shuffle up to the desk in the felt-soled slippers that all visitors are required to wear over their shoes to save the ex-imperial

parquet floors from being scratched, and stoop to read the inscription. Then their gaze rests solemnly on the blotter and on the pen laid beside it. They stand there a few minutes, silent, rather awkward. Then they shuffle away.

After all, there is nothing in that relic to make anyone of any nation feel proud. It is probably the most awful memento on view in any museum anywhere in the world.

There was a corresponding note of solemnity about the first mass meeting of the Kriegsopferver-

sorgung, that was held in Cologne on July 30, 1933. For one thing the day marked the nineteenth anniversary of the beginning of the War. For another, it was the first official gathering of German war veterans Germany had ever seen. Two hundred and fifty thousand strong they marched through the bannerhung streets of the Rhineland capital. There was Adolf Hitler, one-time corporal and *kamerad*, now reichschancellor—*Der Führer* (The Chief) as he is popularly called—to review them. There were speeches and more speeches. There were memorial wreaths and salutes. There were bands and yet more bands. And

after the first note of solemnity had been struck, while the bands played livelier and yet livelier airs, there was beer; there was coffee, which, queerly enough, seems to lots of German drinkers a more festal drink than the beer that made them famous. There were sausages—every special, highly spiced variety of wurst the Heinies know how to make. And is that some? There was dancing in the parks of Cologne to finish out the day.

Not until last summer did the German veterans of the World War form a national organization. Now, on its first anniversary and the twentieth of the start of the war the Kriegsopferversorgung has nearly a million members. Above, and on the opposite page, the war veterans and their families enjoy a Kameradschaftsabend, with coffee cups easily outnumbering beer steins

It was the biggest day the Rhineland has had since the Stars and Stripes came down from Ehrenbreitstein. And the greatest gala occasion Cologne has seen since the day some seven hundred years back, when Frederick Barbarossa, old Emperor Redbeard, came back to it from the Crusades bringing the bodies of the Three Wise Men. At any rate he brought three bodies, and he said they were the bodies of the three Kings of the Christmas story, who visited the stable in Bethlehem. And Frederick was one red headed veteran whose

war stories nobody cared about doubting. At least what "Oh yeahing!" was done wasn't within hearing of Frederick's royal ears, or within reach of his mailed fist.

The Cologne meeting and all the publicity the press throughout Germany gave to it brought the Kriegsopferversorgung into prominence, as the national officers of the association intended it should. Enrolment in the local posts has grown steadily and local interest is very much alive. The Versorgung has a well defined national program which calls for financial aid to the crippled and permanently disabled (Continued on page 46)

AUGUST, 1934

YOUTH MUST CHOOSE

By Rupert Hughes Cartoons by John Cassel

HE first man killed in France at the outbreak of the World War was, I think, Jean Jaurès, who had devoted his life to making war impossible.

Before the explosion came, there were twelve days of terrific strain, beginning July 23d. On July 30th, the Premier of France announced that he had moved all French troops eight kilometers back from the border to avoid the danger of a clash with the Germans advancing to the frontier. This meek gesture toward peace was a vain humiliation, but it was made. The next evening as Jean Jaurès was sitting peacefully on the sidewalk in front of a café, somebody shot him dead.

Why?

He was an ardent lover of his fellow man, a socialist, an internationalist, an enemy of militarism, an organizer of labor against the cruelties of capitalistic war. He had gone so far in his efforts for peace that he had done what he could to keep France from enlarging her forces for defense. For a long while every French youth had been forced to undergo three years of military training. This was expensive—though not so expensive as war, of course—and it kept a big army always on hand, a still bigger army of trained troops always in reserve. But the pacifists and others declared that this great force was a provocation to war. In 1905 they succeeded in talking the nation into cutting the period of compulsory military training down to two years.

I was in France in 1911 when the Agadir incident threatened an immediate war with Germany. Those were exciting days, and the clash was narrowly averted, not by any league of nations, but by the despised diplomats. Germany began, however, to increase her military power enormously. The socialists fought any corresponding increase in the French army. They especially opposed a return to the three years' service. In spite of Jaurès and his associates, the return was ordered in 1913; but in 1914 Jaurès led a strong movement to repeal the new law, and the members of the Internationale did everything they could to prevent France from reaching military efficiency. France was a republic and it was easy to arouse discontent with military regulations. Germany was a monarchy under the domination of a Kaiser and a grim clique of determined militarists who crushed all pacifist movements. The Internationalists were to have held a great congress in Vienna in August, 1914, but the irony of history mocked their dreams. Suddenly anybody could see that the long awaited war could no longer be delayed.

The French realized with a shock how much they had been crippled by eight years of the reduction of the old three years' service to two.

In the minds of certain patriots this meant one thing: The pacifists had betrayed their country to the enemy. All the beautiful talk about brotherly love, international friendliness, and the horrors of war came down to one thing: The French pacifists had really been working for nobody but Germany.

Call it fanaticism, or what you will. Denounce assassination

and who will defend it? Yet one man with a single-track mind saw in another man with a single-track mind the cause of the whole miserable plight of France. To him Jean Jaurès was the supreme traitor. So Jean Jaurès was shamefully murdered as he sat brooding on the wreckage of his life-work for perpetual peace. He was spared at least the sight of the ruinous years that followed, beginning with the tidal wave of the first German triumphs, whose temporary halt on the banks of the Marne was largely a result of the well known military maxim that an army is never in more danger of disaster than in the confusion of a victory followed up too zealously. France was saved by the very completeness of the German success.

The war went on and on and eventually our country was involved.

The socialists and pacifists of every sort did everything they could to keep us out of it. All they succeeded in accomplishing was what Jaurès had done for France. They kept us from being ready. After we entered the war it took us a whole year to begin sending troops overseas, and then in borrowed ships, to fight with borrowed munitions. In spite of the delay many men were actually sent into the firing lines in the Argonne Forest without having been taught to fire a rifle.

The pacifists have much to say of the horrors of slaughter, yet our unreadiness cost millions of foreign soldiers their lives. Of course they were only foreigners; but to the internationalist even the foreigner is human. Furthermore, we came within an ace of arriving too late and having to fight almost alone. That would have cost us something like what the delay cost our allies.

This is one thing you never hear the pacifists admit, the hideous slaughter that has been caused by their doctrines. They claim a

"War is as unreasonable and cruel as earthquakes, tidal waves and plagues. It is death on a rampage. But the pacifist's methods of preventing it are as futile as the savage's charms against the volcano and the black fever"

monopoly on brotherly love, yet sarcastic fact shows that so far as results are concerned, they have caused untold havoc.

After the World War, nearly everybody said, "Never again shall this great nation be caught in such shameful unreadiness." Laws assuring preparedness were passed, as after the American Revolution, after the War of 1812, after the Civil War, the Spanish War. And, as after all those wars, our country lapsed speedily into its normal state.



Today there is acute danger of another World War and we are once more all unready. The pacifists alone are fully mobilized and more militant than ever. They are fighting all along the line, organizing in regiments and making it unpleasant for a preparationist to raise his head.

There was much cynical talk about the attitude of the clergy in the World War, because the most devastating combat in human history was altogether a war of Christians against Christians, with chaplains on both sides claiming the divine approval of their own regiments and sanctifying the massacre of the opposing elements.

To avoid a repetition of such a scandal, great numbers of religious people have been vowing that they will abstain from all future wars, no matter what their origin or their menace. Many equally religious people are in opposition to such a step, of course; but it is a striking fact that there are in the United States today over 13,000 clergymen who have "made the high resolve never again to sanction or support war."

Of course they won't all keep their vow; and, when the next war comes, no regiment will be permitted to march without its chaplain. But the total abstainers exist now and exert an immense influence in heartening the opposition to preparedness either for the individual or the nation. They make it easy for the Congressman who wants a postoffice in his home town rather than a fortress in a danger spot to justify his selfishness by pretty words. They compel the man who calls for preparedness to stand up and face accusations of murderous purposes. They cast an aureole about the young men who are too lazy or too indifferent, or, if you will, too noble to drill with the R. O. T. C.

In addition to the 13,000 organized clergymen, they are organizing the youth and the laity in general into a "peace army" taking a solemn pledge so worded as to satisfy those who say, as one writer does:

I have not been able to go all the way with the pacifists and say that I would have nothing to do with any war. I do not feel that I should swear away the right of self-defense either for myself or

for my country. But I would like to sign the pledge: "I will never cross the boundary of another nation to kill or destroy, nor will I support the Government in doing so."

This is a Methodist who writes. A Presbyterian calls on his church to assure its support to any conscientious objector who, "because of Christian convictions, could not participate in military training of any sort." The Southern Baptists in their May convention passed resolutions against war, despite some opposition. The Congregationalists endorsed the pledge never to cross a boundary. Other sects have agreed.

There is something typical in these points of view. They would have us, in case of war, draw into a turtle shell and never even thrust our head out for a snap. Yet tacticians know that a war fought solely on the defensive might as well never be fought. Why stop at refusing to cross a border to fight? Why not surrender at once to anybody who appears on our borders and makes any demand whatsoever? Think of the saving of lives and materials! There is only one step further to go and that is to be really logical, and invite all outsiders to come over and rule us. The line forms to the left: Please don't fight among yourselves.

Those young men who refuse to undergo any military training whatsoever are working toward the same end with an added zeal: For what they guarantee is that, whether or not, when the time comes, they want to fight they can't fight. For they will be too ignorant to fight. In these days the untrained soldier is no soldier at all, and training is a long and arduous process not merely for inculcating the spirit of discipline, but for acquiring complex technical information.

In New York this May there was a Conference on War and Economic Injustice at which five clergymen who had served as chaplains in the last war declared that they would never serve in another conflict. Before this conference the famous and eloquent Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick made "public repentance" of his activity in the late war and reached "the high spot of the conference" when he declared that he "almost hoped that there was no such thing as immortality, so that the soldiers who gave their lives might never know how futile it all was and how grossly they were betrayed."

That is certainly emphatic enough. Later, in a sermon from his own pulpit, Dr. Fosdick preached on "the unpleasantest thing a man can face, refusing to go into the trenches and being treated as a traitor for it." He said:

"Our Christian forefathers went to the lions rather than burn incense of worship to Cæsar. If necessary we will follow in their train."

While he was at it he might have said that the Christians took over Rome at the height of its glory under Constantine the Great

"The pacifists would convert the whole nation to their creed and advertise to the whole world that we are defenseless, that we will not even attempt to defend anything American from anybody who may attack it"

and kept it for a century before the barbarians took it over; and that Rome fell, not because of its immorality, as so many maintain—how could that be when it had already been Christian for a hundred years?—Rome fell because of the decay of the military spirit that had made it great and kept the world comparatively quiet under the "Roman Peace." Christianity suffered with Rome when the barbarians rolled across its pacifistic realm. Later Christianity recaptured it as the militaristic spirit rose from the dust, and Popes had armies and navies and went to war as generals.

It is a cruel fact, but a fact, that you cannot hold fast to what you consider most precious in the world unless you are not only ready to fight for it, but equipped and trained to fight for it.

The pacifists not only proclaim the glory of non-resistance, but they would convert the whole nation to their creed and advertise to the whole world that we are defenseless, that we will not even attempt to defend anything American from anybody who may attack it.

This is not only making a virtue of impotence, but boasting of it. If I dared, I would say that it is inviting Uncle Sam to imitate those who "made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake"

Let us not deceive ourselves. These pacifists are sincere and intelligent and fearless. They are not merely zealots letting off hot air. They are organizing. They are powerful. They are terrifying to that most timid of all creatures in the broad daylight, the politician.

And let us not flatter ourselves that unpreparedness will always come out all right, that we are beyond the reach

of danger.

Our schoolbooks tell us of the ruin of other great nations, but they fill us with the illusion that our own country is impregnable, that our people have never suffered defeat or even the risk of it. This is a traitorous thing to teach, for it conceals the truth about the War of 1812, and turns that ghastly collapse into a thing to boast of. In this magazine I have previously sketched some of the truth about that shameful hole in our glory, showing how pacifism had its great chance with two Presidents, Jefferson and Madison, consecrated to the very tenets so loudly proclaimed today. They believed that the best defense was helplessness. They practically annihilated the Army and the Navy. Soon the nation found itself facing such abject degredation that it simply had to fight France or England. We had cause enough to fight both, but fought among ourselves as to which to fight. Even though England was locked in a deathgrapple with Napoleon, she was able to inflict on us such humiliations as the schoolbooks dare not describe. The end of the war found us with our capitol burned, our armies on the run, not





a single warship daring to put out of harbor to face the enemy.

Pacifism had for once a laboratory for demonstration, and it had the full sympathy of the Government. It nearly destroyed our young nation, and it left both Jefferson and Madison convinced that Washington was right when he pleaded that preparation for war is the best safeguard of peace.

Our people do not know the truth of this disaster. They don't want to know. The pacifists themselves seem unaware of it. But history is packed with the gory disproof of their claim that peace can be preserved by humility and disability.

But their meekness is saved for the foreign enemy or for the enemy within that might endanger our Government. They are not at all meek toward their "militaristic" fellow countrymen.

"If more patriots had been trained and equipped, fewer would be dead or distressed today. The wars would have come no sooner for our being ready, but they would have been over sooner"

They frankly announce that they will defy the laws and go to jail—or, as they put it, go to the lions—rather than go to the training camps or the trenches.

Dr. Fosdick not only announces their program but rejoices in its popularity with certain of the youth of the day. There is apparently just such a rush now to recruit in the army of non-fighters as there was to volunteer for action in the days before the war. Dr. Fosdick calls this prettily the "renunciation of war." What he means in effect is that, no matter what war may torment

or threaten our country, he will not lend a hand to end it. He says that his proclamation has aroused enormous enthusiasm:

Never in my experience have I had such a response. Of the endless stream of messages ninety-nine percent are enthusiastically in support

Moreover, for thirty years. I have preached in college chapels but never did I see the students so forgetful of proprieties as to applaud. A few weeks ago, however, in one of the greatest university chapels in the country, when the uncompromising pledge against war was made the whole chapel broke out applauding in the midst of the sermon . . . If war comes, some of us, denouncing it and refusing to support it, will go to prison . . . We 13,000 ministers, as much as anybody in this country, we would like to defend the nation. For

that we would willingly lay down our lives. Now, what is the chief enemy of all national life? The war system! One grows indignant with people who talk about defending the nation by war as though it were not as plain as

a pikestaff that the real issue is to defend the nation against war. Some of us are through with war. We mean what we say, we will meet you in prison first.

The pacifists have fervor, gorgeous oratory and frenzied sincerity. They have never lacked the courage to assail the believers in preparedness, and their vocabularies are rich and resounding. Yet Reverend Ralph W. Sockman, in a sermon on the same May 20th when Dr. Fosdick preached, called for still stronger language from the pacifists:

It is now time for the peace-makers to wrest the weapon of ridicule from the militarists. Heretofore the colorful and stirring words have been associated in the public mind with the warmakers, the negative and anemic words with the peace-makers. The armed patriot has been the one the crowd cheers for. Why should this continue to be so since the Kellogg-Briand Pact has made war the outlaw, and peaceful means the legal procedure? Now is the time to popularize a new patriotism which serves the real welfare of one's country—a thing which war never does.

What our peace movement needs now is to stress the things we are against. Perhaps we need a peace army. Youth should have something in which to enlist. In such a peace army we need no black shirts or brown shirts, but a program of action which politicians cannot ignore and which will get rid of those nationalistic politicians who do ignore it.

Pacifists though they are, they will have an army; they will encourage enlistment; they will abstain from all drill; they will lay aside anemic language and lay down a barrage of real scorn on the nationalists! They will drive out of public life politicians who believe in preparedness.

And then if war comes, they will march into nice, cozy jails and let themselves be fed and warmed and guarded while the wicked patriots go out to the trenches.

The pacifists are building up a very elaborate war-game of their own, with tactical and strategic maneuvers planned to confuse and defeat their fellow citizens both in peace and in war. They are a very dangerous force. As with all religious zealots, their sacred ends sanctify for them any means. (Continued on page 50)



. W. ROMER, MIAMI

Don't forget your bathing suit when you pack for the Sixteenth National Convention in Miami. You'll find scenes like this every day during your stay, and air and water just as agreeable at night

Fred C. Painton

MAN by the name of Bob Kerr who has been in Florida so long his bald head is as brown as a Rhode Island Red's new laid egg once said apropos of living in Fort Lauderdale, "I can't leave Florida because it's like living on a South Seas island with modern conveniences. Once Florida sand is in your shoes, you're licked."

You who attend the Miami convention will feel in October the same urgent tug of cobalt waters as soft as silk against your skin, the pulse-quickening lure of gentle perfumed air, and magnificent nights when the stars throb like naked hearts and the moon is a copper disc swimming in a vault full of ink. You'll learn that there is no sound quite like the wooden crackle of palm fronds bending before a warm northeast trade wind, no scent quite like the tropic perfume of bougainvillea, hibiscus and hyacinth. It'll be something to remember that you picked gorgeous dewy roses in October when up north the frost is already on the pumpkin. It gets in your blood like the sand in your shoes. I know—it's been licking me regularly for seven years.

You're going, of course, because Florida is one section of these United States totally different from any other. And as you are going, I strongly advise, if you have a car, that you drive. And for this reason: You can make a complete circuit of the pot-

bellied peninsula without adding more than 250 miles to the total distance you would drive to Miami anyway, and lose no more than six hours of driving time. A look at the map will show you why this is so; in going down, say, the West Coast, you lose about eighty miles crossing up north, and 140 miles crossing the Everglades to Miami at the south. The rest of the distance you are heading north or south anyway. The extra mileage and distance will repay you in most interesting sights, for all of Florida's wonders are not at Miami.

Furthermore, the posts of the Florida Department are making real efforts to serve and entertain you on this jaunt around the peninsula, so that you will have guides to make sure you see the more interesting places with the least delay. While there will probably be signs to direct you to post headquarters, to make sure that you savor Florida with the help of friendly Legionnaires it is advised that you ask for post headquarters or telephone.

Let us assume now that you are at either Jacksonville or Lake City, the two gateways to Florida. Behind you the Georgia pine forests, the great live oaks with their festoons of gray Spanish moss. Ahead stretches a flat expanse of country, covered with palmetto, and the polished green vegetation that is so different from the softer green of the northlands.

Your first goal is Silver Springs, just outside Ocala, one hundred and twelve miles from Jax, and 86 from Lake City. On your way Post Commander Garland Powell of Gainesville invites you to stop off and visit the charming city in which the University of Florida is located. The blurb writers call Silver Springs nature's submarine fairyland, and for once a blurb is ninety percent correct. Through a glass-bottomed bucket you can see a dime in eighty feet of water that's as clear as rain-washed air, and you don't have to be Scotch to do it. Fish of all sizes and species seem so close you can reach out and grab them. You see grottoes, underwater vegetation, and watch turtles thirty feet down graze like cattle on the bottom growths. Even Florida crackers go to see this one.

Your next stop is Tarpon Springs on the Gulf of Mexico, about ninety miles away. Here is what is claimed to be the biggest sponge market in the world. Here you see sponges just as the swaggering divers of Greek origin cut them from the ocean floor. Look over the fishing fleet which is annually blessed by the Greek Orthodox church in a colorful ceremony people drive miles to witness. And if a tall, handsome youth with olive cheeks passes you, smoking a cigarette with the smoke coming out of his ears, don't be alarmed. He had his drums broken groping along the sea bottom. Here certainly the local Legion post members can make your stay memorable.

The thing you should look over in Tampa is Ybor City, the Cuban colony that makes mil-



MIAMI NEWS SERVICE

A big one that didn't get away. Deep sea fishing will be a must on many a visiting Legionnaire's program

> lions of cigars a year. When I saw a cigar factory I wanted to be a cigar maker because it is the only trade to my knowledge where one is entertained while one works. As the brown fingers fly, putting on wrappers, a hired reader reads the day's news and follows it with some Spanish romance that makes the time fly. This is strongly recommended, and Tampa Legionnaires will see you miss nothing of interest.

St. Petersburg, across the six-mile Gandy Bridge, is a beautiful city

noted chiefly for the fact that shuffleboard is its sport, and old people come here to die and live forever. If night hasn't caught you push on to Sarasota because you've got to allow an hour or so to look over the Memorial Art Museum here that a man named John Ringling who once operated a circus has filled with art treasures brought from the far ends of the earth. The landscaping here

will knock your eye out. Even if you don't like art collections, see this one, so you can tell the friends back home you've looked it over. You owe them that much.

MIAMI NEWS SERVICE

Up for a high one in

jai-alai, the fastest

game in the world.

They'll be playing it for

conventionnaires

I can't arrange your itinerary but, if you can, you should attempt to make your hop across the Everglades on the Tamiami Trail either as close after dawn as possible or toward nightfall. Then is when you see the millions of birds darkening the sky, for here, in the vast morass that is the Great Cypress Swamp, is the last stronghold of wild life. Incidentally, be sure at Collier City to load up with gasoline and oil because there are stretches of miles on this road where not even a signboard breaks the eternal reaches of swamp and saw grass.

Thousands of miles of Glades have never been touched by human foot. Here alligators, small deer, fish and birds from wild turkey to humming birds hold sway. Just a year or so ago two scientists started out to explore a brief section south of the road you'll cross. When they returned to Miami after a month, exhausted, they had done about fifteen miles. Saw grass and the endless hammocks whipped them. And then there was the motorist who by mistake turned off the main road, bogged down in a pot-hole (alligator dip) not twenty miles from Miami, and got out to walk to civilization. Airplanes searched for him. A Goodyear blimp made a close survey. Finally Seminole Indian trackers found him after he had died of exposure. If I recall rightly he was within a hundred yards of a road that would have led him to safety and not a quarter of a mile from an inhabited house. The everlasting sameness defeated his every effort, made him walk in always narrowing circles.

Hunters who go into the Glades tell me that every hammock looks like the next one. Every stretch of saw grass is like the last. This man once followed a small deer he had wounded and found himself lost. He had sense. He lived on the deer, fired his gun once an hour and was finally rescued.

This is just something to think about as you race sixty miles an hour along a superb road and look at the endless vistas to right and left. You'll remember this stretch of the trip.

Now, that you've reached Miami there are facts and (Continued on page 57)

FOR MAN AND FOR GOD

By Alva J. Brasted

Chief of Chaplains, United States Army

OU veterans of the World War know a good deal about the army chaplain. You saw him in camp, field and hospital. You took his measure. Of the chaplains you saw, some may have been misfits, have fallen short of the mark; but most of them in the main, won your approval. The American Legion has carried over the office of chaplain into its own body, into its posts, Departments and national organization—recognition of the place spiritual things and spiritual emphasis have in the lives of men.

How set down something of the army chaplain's work, of what he is driving at, for men to whom he is by no means a stranger? It may be well to omit or pass over lightly much that, however important, is so well understood by you as to be taken for granted, to go without saying. That will include his conduct of public religious services for the command, surely a major if not his chief duty, and of other group activities similar to those of a pastorate in civil life. A lot of needless talk is often thrust upon us. "Haircut, soldier?" asked the barber. "Naw," replied the soldier, "just lower my ears."

The purpose of the chaplaincy is to make better men and more efficient soldiers. The gun is important, but the man behind the gun is more important. The chaplain's special interest is the man behind the gun. His main objective is to build character, to make a better man. The better the man, the better is the soldier and the citizen. The chaplain is "the exponent in the military establishment of the religious motive as an incentive to right thinking and right acting."

His title is an honorable one, going back some sixteen hundred years to that young soldier of a Roman army in Gaul, later to be known as St. Martin of Tours, who shared his military coat with a beggar. According to the beautiful legend, Martin one cold day met a half-naked, shivering beggar at the gates of Amiens and divided his coat, giving the beggar half. The part he retained he draped about himself like a cape, a word related to the Latin "capa" or "capella." That half, or its counterpart, became the famous relic cherished by the Frankish kings and taken with them in war. The tent in which it was housed, and in which divine worship was held, became known as "capella," from which came "chapel." And so "chaplain."

All army chaplains are clergymen, accredited by their respective denominations; their work in the Army is that of a religious ministry. While much of it is like that of a clergyman outside, it must be adapted to the conditions of garrison or field and to the requirement that the chaplain serve the moral and religious needs of the entire command, not of the members of his particular denomination or faith only.

In addition to arranging and conducting Sunday and week-day services, the peace-time chaplain visits the sick, the prisoner, the disheartened; calls on families of enlisted men living within or near the post; promotes Boy Scout troops for the children of such families and other organizations of young people; sponsors recreational, educational and welfare programs; counsels recruits; supervises the post library; and does a hundred other things that contribute to his objective. Besides, he is the logical

consultant of the commanding officer in matters of morality, character building and morale.

In wartime, the chaplain goes with his men, cheering them under hardship, attending the wounded and the dying. One of his somewhat unusual possibilities is acting as defense counsel in a court-martial, which he may be permitted to do if requested by the accused. It is a task few chaplains are trained for or like. It may lead to embarrassment in relations with the enlisted men. Army regulations are now so worded that chaplains seldom if ever act in this capacity. "Here comes the chaplain," said a man in guardhouse to another prisoner, in the days when chaplains commonly served as defense counsel. "Know him?" "I know him," said the other, sourly. "He's the man that put me here."

The chaplain is hand-picked, specially chosen for his unique field. He should be an all-around man, one who loves men, a good mixer, "a regular fellow." He lives with his "congregation" seven days in the week, is always under observation. His example can be even more effective than his preaching. While he is an officer and serves both officers and enlisted men, most of his concern and attention goes to the men.

He should be a helper in every possible way. That is his real job. In general, a chaplain should be a go-between, an interceder, and should do everything he can for the men—except that too much lending of money is not desirable. We think that about nine times out of ten to lend a man money does him more harm than good. The soldier is the best fellow in the world. He'll do anything he can to help the chaplain and of course it's hard for the chaplain to turn him down.

WE'VE all met the chronic borrower; he is not unknown in the Army. Prone to turn to the chaplain, especially if newly appointed, he may tell him hard-luck tales of surprising range and ingenuity. "Mother is sick and needs money"—"My sister has to be operated on and the family has wired me for help"—"Dad can't pay the rent and the family is likely to be ousted"—so they go. The chaplain is not a banker. If he lends to one man, there are a hundred other men just as deserving. But still we lend, and why not? "O consistency, thou art a jewel!"

Much of the chaplain's most effective work is done with the men individually. If they accept him as their friend, give him their confidence, they will come to him when in trouble. A man accosting a post chaplain one evening asked if he might have a word with him.

"I'm fed up," the man said; "I'm through. I'm going over the hill. The men in my battery are riding me all the time, and I can't stand it any longer."

The chaplain got his story and advised him not to desert. It wouldn't be good sportsmanship, for one thing, and there should be a better way out. Why not ask for a transfer to another battery? The man said he'd like a transfer but had no hope of getting one. The chaplain took the matter up with the commanding officer and the man was transferred. He could start over again.

All kinds of confidences come to the army chaplain. He treats them as such, whether made under the (Continued on page 60)



Drawing by Herbert Morton Stoops



N EX-GOB Reminisces of Dis-1 infectants, Paint-Brushes, Pork and Beans, Y Men and a Kerry Cow

AVE you ever spent July at the League Island Navy Yard, just outside Philadelphia? If so, you will understand what I mean when I hint that it is not the ideal spot for a summer vacation. At least so our outfit found in that eventful season of 1918. We arrived there in the middle of a scorching hot afternoon, after a six-weeks' orientation course in the Navy, and were directed to that portion of the Yard called Camp Sims, probably so labeled by some official who was jealous of the admiral. We found a flat, sizzling stretch of ground where the loose sand was at least six inches deep. There a disillusioned-looking chief petty officer showed us where to get tents, and dividing us into fours, ordered us to pitch them in a row next to the already huge encampment.

Now our six-weeks' training in naval hospital, for we were a naval hospital unit, had omitted a course in tent-pitching. After an hour's sweating, swearing and struggling we managed to unravel the mixed-up mess of ropes, khaki and pegs, and produced a wabbling row of twenty-five tents. We had just finished when the sky suddenly darkened and a terrific, drenching thundershower broke over the camp. My three tentmates and I lav exhausted on our cots listening to the thunder claps and to the torrential rain roaring on the khaki over our heads. Then a swirling blast of wind hit the camp. Watching the dangerous labors of the straining tent walls, I said to my friend across from me, "I hope she holds in this loose sand, after all that

Scarcely had the words left my mouth when the entire tent, as though whisked away by a giant hand, completely disappeared

> and I found myself lying fully exposed to the elements. I sat up and looked about me, and in a long row sat the entire unit, each sailor in his separate cot looking around at his neighbors. Not a tent of ours upright, and the heavy rain was falling on the just and the unjust.

weeks of drilling and hanging around in the sultry heat, when the chow line

It was a relief to get to sea after three weeks of Camp Sims; three

> Suddenly the familiar voice of the officer of the day sounded from the doorway

at noon was so long that the unfortunates toward the end didn't have time to eat before going back to work, and when I spent practically all my pay for citronella, on which I nourished the mammoth mosquitoes from the Delaware River marshes. On board the transport our unit enjoyed, for a day or two, the pleasant position of passengers, for, not being ship's crew and there being no patients in the sick-bay, we had no regular duties. About the second morning out, however, as I was standing way up forward on the main deck, entertaining myself by watching some porpoises diving and playing in the foam from the prow, a chief pharmacist's mate, whom I had seen in the sick-bay the

previous evening, came up to me and said pleasantly, "Nice morning.

"Delightful," I replied, my heart warming at this display of friendliness among shipmates.

"Have you been assigned to duty yet?" he inquired.

'No, I haven't, I answered, "and I'm thoroughly enjoying the trip.

"That's fine," he said. "You come with me."

" Certainly,"



I took it off the peg and soaked the inside

said I, anticipating some pleasant camaraderie somewhere on board.

He led me aft to a little compartment where he handed me a thing that looked something like a fire extinguisher, only larger. It was heavy and you carried it slung from your shoulder. There was a short rubber hose on one end with a valve and nozzle on it. The whole contraption smelled like fury, a sort of combination of lysol and creosote.

"That," said the disappointing shipmate, "is a disinfector. Until further orders you stand the morning watch disinfecting the army officers' and troops' quarters.'

With mixed emotions I started off, feeling more like a handorgan grinder than anything else, with some fifty pounds of disinfectant container bumping against my back and thighs. On the way I tried an experimental squirt to see how she worked and nearly caught a boatswain's mate in the back of the neck twenty feet away. I did what I thought was a fairly thorough job, and at the end was pretty tired, having lugged and sprayed for hours over acres of territory and in innumerable cabins. However, the next morning, similarly accoutered, as I started off on my rounds enveloped in a stench

of chemicals, I was stopped by an army

Cartoons by Herb Roth

Undress Blues

by Clarence H. Philbrick

officer, quite evidently not in the best of humor.

"See here, sailor"—he addressed me brusquely, as though I were nothing more than a soldier—"why the devil didn't you spray my cabin yesterday?"

"I think I did, sir," I replied. "I tried to cover all of them."
"Well, you didn't get to mine. It's cabin number sixteen.
See that you do it and do it properly today, or I'll report you. I
don't want to have to be deloused before I even get to France."

I looked at this middle-aged, plump representative of the Army's officer corps and said, "Yes, sir."

I repaired directly to cabin number sixteen, and there on his pillow squirted a little puddle of lysol and creosote. I thrust the nozzle under his bedding and pressed the valve while I slowly counted twenty. I sprayed the cabin generally, and as I was leaving I saw his army officer's cap hanging on a peg; I took it off the peg and soaked the inside.

Although I continued on this detail for the remainder of the voyage I never had any further complaint from anybody.

At last our unit found itself settled ashore in Ireland, where the streets teemed with American and English sailors, English soldiers and Irish colleens and where the harbor was filled with American destroyers and supply ships, with British Q ships and freighters. We took over a naval base hospital whose frame buildings we had to complete and paint, and set up the equipment. We now had a perfectly good hospital. But no patients, except an occasional accident case from the flotilla, until the flu hit us. Fortunately we had no serious dental trouble, for, although we had a reputable dentist, all the equipment he ever received was an impressive dentist's chair and lots of towels; the instruments never appeared. I always wondered why they didn't exchange our dentist for a barber. We had a good set-up

for him and plenty of business.

One morning early in September, as I was contentedly idling in the Xray room, where I had finally wound up after a long, underhanded political struggle, an orderly came in and gave me orders to report to the Officer of the Day. On the way to the office I had misgivings; it could lead to no good. I knew of no cause for worry in the way of discipline, but I had a foreboding that I might lose my detail in the X-ray department, and having figured out that in a hospital with practically no patients the X-ray room ought to



Hauling that recalcitrant cow to and from pasture

be about the last place to be caught in any rush of work, I was loth to leave the reward of my scheming.

To my dismay, the Officer of the Day turned out to be the very one who had consistently tried to keep me out of the X-ray room, on the ground that, as there was no work, there was no need of two assistants, and as I had had no experience in X-ray work I was the target of all his efforts. The fact that he was right in no way made me warm to him. There was a nasty expression on his face as he addressed me.

"The captain has decided that we are paying too much for milk for the hospital and he has just bought a Kerry cow to see how it will work out to supply our own milk. If the experiment is successful we shall increase the number of our cows. The care and milking of this cow makes a new detail for us; you have been assigned to this detail, it being our opinion that the X-ray work can spare you."

Stunned, I looked at the scarcely concealed leer on his face.

"But, sir," I gasped, "I don't know anything about cows! I am a real-estate salesman."

"You're in the Navy now," he replied sternly.

"Yes, sir, but I didn't realize you had cows in the Navy."

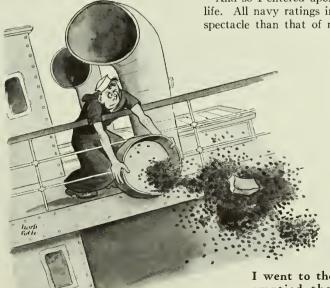
"No more arguing," he said with finality. "You will take the cow to and from pasture, milk her, feed and take care of her. The Irish farmer who sold us the cow has agreed to show you all about it. That's all; dismissed."

And so I entered upon one of the most trying periods of my life. All navy ratings in the town enjoyed no more satisfying spectacle than that of myself, in floppy pants and white hat,

hauling that recalcitrant Kerry cow through the streets on the way to and from pasture. In the unit I was no longer called a third-class pharmacist's mate, but a third-class cow's mate. The only thing that sustained me was the thought that, after all, orders are orders and I was only doing my simple duty. But it didn't just seem quite in the tradition of Stephen Decatur and John Paul Jones.

Like all our troubles, this nightmare finally passed. The cow detail was eventually given to another victim some weeks later, and I was put on

inside painting. I was to paint the hitherto bare (Continued on page 42)



I went to the rail and emptied the dishpan

The CORE of OUR PREPAREDNESS

By William H. Tschappat Brigadier General, U. S. A., Assistant Chief of Ordnance

As told to Fairfax Downey

HE first American armories were the antlers or pegs above the mantelpiece from which our forefathers took down their flintlocks to win our Independence. Thenceforth, dating from George Washington's selection of the site of Springfield Armory in 1789, Government factories and depots have been established to furnish arms for the protection and preservation of our nation. In that cause, Springfield rifles, Picatinny powder and Watervliet cannon have played their part.

Our arsenals and stations located throughout the United States and its territorial possessions are our first line of defense in respect to the supply of munitions, as the forces of the Regular Army and Navy and the National Guard are in men. Maintenance of the efficiency of the arsenals and modernization of their equipment and products thus is of first importance in the plan of preparedness whose foresight and wisdom has been demonstrated by past emergencies.

Now operated on a low production basis, the arsenals are

assisting the Ordnance Department, United States Army, to fulfill its duty to design, procure, produce, inspect, maintain and distribute such material as shall be prescribed by the General Staff. While capable of high speed and considerable expansion in an emergency, as shown by their records, the arsenals are estimated as able to furnish no more than six percent of the re-

One of the instrument rooms at the Frankford Arsenal, Philadelphia, where devices for the use of the Army are perfected and sometimes tested

quired munitions if the emergency should be extensive. The remainder of the requirements would be supplied by commercial manufacturers under the plans for Industrial Mobilization already described in this magazine.

Limited capacity does not interfere with the valuable service performed by the arsenals as a yardstick of munitions manufacture in time of peace. The United States pays no subsidy to munitions makers as European countries do. Therefore it devolves upon the arsenals to keep abreast of improvements in military equipment, and with this duty our technical and engineering organizations are charged. By them are developed commercial processes which industry can take over without the cost of development. Practical designs which will meet requirements and lend themselves to economical quantity production are achieved through the construction of pilot models and their thorough test. The facilities of the arsenals are adapted to this essential pioneering work.





The extensive park-like area of Springfield (Massachusetts) Arsenal, famous for the rifle and Longfellow's poem, as seen from the air

The arsenals also are training schools where Government personnel, military and civilian, becomes familiar with the production and use of modern weapons and material. These trained men form a body from which are drawn the experts, inspectors and foremen for expansion in time of sudden need.

In addition to research, development, and training the conduct of the arsenals provides us with first-hand information on the

cost of the production of munitions. Their manufacture must be performed with the strictest economy under the requirements of the National Defense Act. Consequently an excellent system of cost keeping is employed at all arsenals, accounting to the last cent on all items and charging off nothing to profit and loss as in commercial life. The arsenals are not permitted to compete, even in peace time, with com-

mercial industries which can supply a requirement up to standard more economically and with a profit.

It will be seen that a high state of efficiency is demanded in the operation of the arsenals, and this the Ordnance Department endeavors to maintain to the best of the ability of its personnel and the equipment at its command. The World War saw a great expansion of all our stations, particularly of the six manufacturing arsenals, in buildings, machinery, and other facilities. Since that conflict, however, there has been no extensive re-equipment except in the case of Picatinny Arsenal. Almost that entire plant was destroyed in 1926 by an explosion in an adjacent high explosive storage depot—an explosion that gave William Hedges Baker Post of The American Legion of Dover an opportunity to show its mettle in an emergency involving danger to life amid

scenes reminiscent of the battlefield. Rebuilt in the following two years by a special appropriation, Picatinny is provided with newer machine tools than the other arsenals. Elsewhere only such small and minor purchases of machinery have been made as could be amortized with manufacturing orders actually on hand. No machine additions, other than at Picatinny, have been in the nature of capital investments.

Guns, Powder and Men Have Won Every War for Something Like Six Hundred Years. Uncle Sam's Arsenals Take Care of the Guns and Powder, and It's a Peacetime Job Fully as Important as the Training of the Regulars and the Reserve rate of advance of modern machine design, is a period sufficient to outdate the equipment in many types of factories. No exception are the arsenals, with their specialized products in fields where scientific ingenuity has been notably active. Still, for lack of replacement, obsolescent gun and gun stock lathes, old fashioned line shaft and belt drives, and hand screw machines con-

Sixteen years, at the rapid

tinue in production at Uncle Sam's arsenals.

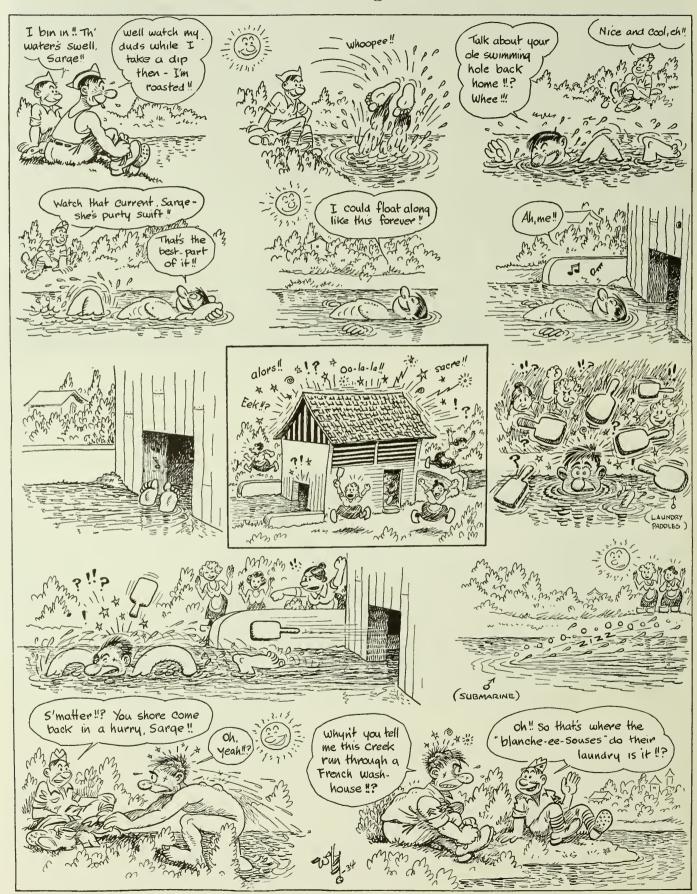
For the purpose of modernizing the arsenals' equipment, the War Department has approved a project providing for the procurement of machinery to the value of about \$2,310,000. Distributed among the plants where most needed, the machinery purchased by this money would form a modest addition to the capital equipment of each establishment, increasing its potential value in the event of emergency. The new equipment would be put into immediate operation to improve and cheapen manufacture.

It is hoped that the sum required will become available from the Public Works Administration. Ninety percent of it would be expended on products of the machine tool industry, furnishing employment to the skilled (Continued on page 48)

ALL WASHED UP

An A. E. F. Flashback to August, 1918

By Wallgren



Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



TEGIONNAIRE Al-→ fred L. Adams, of Madison, Wisconsin, writes that on the morning after he was "wrecked" in the Forty and Eight, Junior found

the horizon-blue chapeau and wore it out to strut before the neighborhood.

All the children were duly impressed except little Martha. She proudly an-

"My daddy was a soldier, too, and my daddy was wounded—he has some silver ribs, he has."

This stumped Junior for a moment,

then he remembered his dad's long legs. "Well," he explained. "My daddy wasn't wounded; you see he can run awfully fast."

A YOUNG man had just applied for a job. As reference he had given the name of his former employer. The man to whom he had applied for work called the former employer and asked:

"Is he honest? "I found him so."

"Is he steady?" was the next question.
"Is he steady: I should say so—if he were any steadier he'd be motionless.

JACK WILLING of Cleveland tells about a couple of golfers approaching the seventh hole. Across the way at the eighth tee, a woman was seated.

"Look at that!" exclaimed one of the golfers. "woman?" "Did you ever see such an ugly

"Yes," replied the other golfer. "I've seen such an ugly woman—that's my wife."

The first golfer was somewhat overwhelmed with embarrassment, but recovered himself to say:

"I'm sorry-of course-had I known the lady was your wife I would never have spoken as I did. But, since I have my foot in it, I would like to know why in the hell you bring her to a golf course.

"Well, I like to play golf," replied the other. "And I have to choose between bringing her along or kissing her good-



SOCIAL worker A was just completing his visit to the pen-itentiary. His fancy had been attracted to one prisoner whose religious fervor appeared

to be highly gratifying.

"And of what were you accused?" the

social worker asked. "What brought you to this place of punishment?

"They said I took a diamond ring," complained the prisoner. "I had a good lawyer, who made a great speech to the jury, and had six witnesses prove an alibi, but it did no good."

"Strange indeed," said the visitor.
"I do not see why they did not free

you."

"Well, you see there was one weak spot in my defense," the convict explained. "When they arrested me the ring was on my finger.

THE timid soul and his wife were at L the movies.

"Is your seat quite comfortable, dear?" she asked.

"Very comfortable, indeed," he whispered in surprise.

"And have you a good view of the screen?"

"Yes—perfectly—dear."

"You are not bothered by the draught from the exit?'

'No, my sweetheart," he murmured. "Then give me your seat—you selfish

little weasel!'

RASTUS, I heard dat Parson Brown cotch you in Farmer Green's chicken coop. Is dat so?" inquired the tactless friend.

"Yes-he done cotch me," was the unabashed reply.

"Um-m, don't you feel ashamed?"

"Not me-it's de parson what feels ashamed; he can't explain how come he done cotch me in dat chicken coop what wasn't his'n.

THE newcomer had been in town only a few days when his engagement to the sweet young thing was unexpectedly announced.

"The engagement certainly is sudden," observed a neighbor. "He couldn't have seen much of her.

en much of her.
"Oh, I don't know about that," reickbor's husband. "He plied the neighbor's husband. danced with her at the full-dress ball last night, and was in swimming with her this morning.'

THE high pressure insurance salesman L was painting horror pictures to his prospect.

"Why, it hasn't been so long ago," he

said, "since I insured a man for a hundred thousand dollars, and within the month he was crushed to pieces in a train collision."

'Gracious! No doubt you regretted writing that policy.

"Oh, no, indeed. I am engaged to marry his widow.'



WHEN Wendell Crowell was Department Commander of New Hampshire he averaged a speech a day throughout his term of office. When the

year was up he swore he would never make another speech. Now, according to a story he is telling, a member of a certain Auxiliary unit invited him to address their conference.

"I'm sorry, but I cannot," was his reply. "I've burned my bridges behind

"Oh, don't worry about that," she id. "I'll lend you a pair of my husband's."

NOW comes the first story for Bursts & Duds from that newly organized circle of buddies-the Sons of Legionnaires. At a recent meeting, one youngster was overheard to say:

"Frank's got a girl!"

"You should talk," was the retort. "You've got one too—and she's a whole lot worser'n mine!"

SAM had started to night school and was telling his friend about his history

"Yessir, Henry, this new teacher told us all about Columbus who discovered America, and how-after they had buried him-they moved his bones.'

"Moved his bones?"

"Now, ain't dat sumpin'—I never knew befoah dat he was a gamblin' man.'



THE good-time-Charlie was hanging on to a lamp post, about three A.M., shouting and kicking.
"What's the trou-

ble?" inquired the sym-

pathetic cop on the beat.

"It's my wife, oshifer, she won' lemme in—an' I knowsh she's home awright," he said looking up at the lamp. "I can shee the light upstairs."



Cy by Alexander Sprunt, Jr.

HE sweet young thing had just emerged into the light of day after a tour of Carlsbad Caverns National Park. The charms of that subterranean wonderland had appealed to her tremendously; she had declared again and again that it was positively the *cutest* place she had *ever* seen. She had been on fire with excited questions, and she still was. As the various members of her group moved toward their cars, she turned to the ranger-naturalist who had conducted the party, and, with her thirst for knowledge still unquenched, asked one more.

"Oh, Mr. Ranger, do tell me how many undiscovered rooms are there in the Caverns?"

That ranger-naturalist had suffered much during the day. Not normally a neurotic type, he was rapidly approaching that state. He hesitated momentarily, then took a plunge.

"Well, miss," he ventured cautiously, "it's rather a secret and not much talked about, but I guess I can trust you with it. You see, we can't tell *exactly* how many there are as they vary with the altitudinal expansion and contraction of the cosmic forces."

The wide eyes in the pretty if vacuous face before him opened still wider, then "Oh, I see. Thank you so much! Isn't that perfectly thrilling?"

Our national parks are a source of inexhaustible study of that entirely distinctive species, the public. Any visitor to the parks can hear much, see much, and wonder a great deal, but until one has had the privilege of actually being on the staff of one of these great playgrounds, the true marvel of what goes on there daily cannot be appreciated. As stupendous as are the many natural phenomena, the phenomenon of the human question marks who

PARKS

come to see them is even greater. From every stratum of society they come; they stare, marvel, shrug, exclaim, denounce, praise, compare—and ask questions.

There are those on duty in every national park whose job it is to answer these questions if possible. Sometimes one succeeds, sometimes one does not—frequently not. Nevertheless these rangers and ranger-naturalists have an intensely interesting time in attempting the performance of their work, and the traveling public uses them as religiously as they do the camp-grounds, cabins and other conveniences afforded them. Such men are usually temporary employes, taken on during the summer when the parks are thronged with tourists. Their duty is to contact the public, something which the permanent staff is not so exposed to, having other work to do.

Now constant contact with those who travel is apt to become somewhat annoying at times. A railroad ticket agent or a representative of a motorist's information bureau would probably bear me out in this opinion. I have spent a good many years in museum work, and thought I knew something about the public, but I found out that I had much to learn.

Let me say at once that it is not always expedient to answer a fool according to his folly. Least of all for the rangers and ranger-naturalists of our national parks. They are not there for that purpose. It is demanded of them that they exhibit at all times that elusive and highly-to-be-desired quality, tact. They are not there to offend, but to please and to placate the visitor's mystification or thirst for knowledge, and with no display of impatient superiority.

Therefore if a tourist in the Yellowstone asks where the powerhouse is that heats the water for the geysers (and this has been



A forty-mile rampart of jagged, lofty peaks that bear the closest resemblance to the Alps of any mountain range in America is the main feature of Grand Teton National Park, just south of Yellowstone Park. On the opposite page, Mount Moran, whose 12,000feet elevation makes it the second highest peak in the range, surpassed only by the Grand Teton itself

and PEOPLE

asked) one must gently explain that the power-house is run by nature herself. And when asked by a visitor to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado why the force of painters who keep the towering walls and jutting pinnacles so beautifully tinted, one must refer the arrangement and brilliance of color to the hand of the Creator and Father Time with a diplomacy which convinces the questioner of one's kindly good will.

And yet I ask you, reader, in all seriousness, is not one sometimes hard put to it to answer such questions? Do you wonder that occasionally some harassed individual will reply as did the ranger-naturalist who answered the query as to how many undiscovered rooms were contained in the Carlsbad Caverns? Note, too, that the questioner in that case was not offended. Rather she went on her way rejoicing. Doubtless she still recalls that ranger-naturalist as the "cutest" one she met in the West.

As I have said, these rangers have an interesting work. It is a school in which one learns much of self-control. What, for instance, would you say if asked by a lady of ample proportions how far she could walk on a mountain trail without becoming tired? Your answer is not to be in the nature of a generalization, mind you—it must be precise, definite, a statement of just exactly the mileage which can be accomplished without noticeable fatigue. Hedging will not be tolerated. I know, because I tried to hedge! Why, that is unreasonable, you say. I agree heartily, but—

Grand Teton National Park was the twentieth of such areas to be set aside by the Government for the enjoyment of the American people. Comprising an area of one hundred and fifty square miles, it embraces as its main asset the magnificent Teton Mountains, a forty-mile rampart of jagged peaks which reach a stuA Ranger-Naturalist Finds All His Reserves of Diplomacy Drawn On in Trying to Answer Foolish Question No. XYZ Without Cracking a Smile

pendous climax in the Grand Teton itself, the American counterpart of the Matterhorn, 13,747 feet above the sea.

It was in this Park, which borders the justly famous Jackson Hole country of northwestern Wyoming, that the writer spent the summer of 1933 as a ranger-naturalist. Visitors are accommodated in ample camping grounds which border the shorelines of the exquisite lakes that fringe the eastern base of the Tetons. In these grounds, too, the rangers live—literally among the campers at Jenny Lake, where two rangers and two ranger-naturalists (one of them myself) composed the force. My colleagues were all familiar with the country, having had two or more seasons in the Park to their credit. After pointing out the various peaks which were in view from the museum and drilling me in the usual questions, they concluded their efforts at instruction by saying that there would probably be unusual questions which I could not answer and that all I could do then would be to get out of them the best way possible.

I soon discovered that in spite of routine, any day in the life of a park ranger is full of novelty. Contingencies arise which could not be imagined in any set of rules of conduct. When one is ordered to please the public, one receives a large order. The morning of any day may be inaugurated (Continued on page 54)

AUGUST, 1934

ALL UNDER

by Walter Gregory

Vice-President, Palmer House Company, Chicago

MIDDLE-AGED man paced nervously back and forth on the sidewalk before the Palmer House one day last summer, eagerly eyeing every cab that drove up. An employe on duty there, not in uniform, asked whether he could be of service. Forthwith the restless one, too worried for reticence, paused and told his story.

He and his wife had separated seventeen years ago. Of late they had been corresponding and had agreed that their parting was a mistake. They decided to start life together once more, to meet and spend their second honeymoon viewing A Century of Progress. The husband had come from the East, the wife was overdue from the West—the man was as edgy as any bridegroom.

"All right," the greeter soothed him, "you tell me what she looks like, then go up to your room and take it easy. I'll see that she finds you."

The husband relaxed, lit a cigarette, and retired from the scene. Half an hour later our man recognized her leaving a cab, spoke to her, escorted her to her long-lost spouse. They have revisited the hotel once since then, and their re-established married life seems as happy as their first attempt was unsuccessful.

It is not often that a hotel man is asked to reunite a parted couple. But all sorts of strange duties come his way in the ordinary course of running a large house. He sees the human race off its guard, away from home, under conditions which give him an extraordinary insight into why people behave like human beings. And in any single month he repeatedly not only wonders at the varied tasks his guests debonairly dump into his lap, but also feels a solemn awe at the responsibilities they entrust to him so confidently.

In the same week that saw the man and wife started on their second honeymoon, two suitcases standing unescorted on the sidewalk at the Wabash Avenue door attracted an employe's attention. Anything valuable left unguarded on a city street is about as safe as a candy bar in a kinder-

safe as a candy bar in a kindergarten, so our man hustled these lonely bags to the lost-and-found department. Fifteen minutes later a guest stormed in, mad as a wet hen. "I just left those suitcases at the door while I went in and got my breakfast," he explained. "I'll thank you not to tamper with my property in future."

Only fast talking, and plenty of it, convinced him that valuable articles are not safely left unattended on a metropolitan pavement. To this World's Fair visitor, Chicago looked just like the West Virginia village of 200 population where he has lived his fifty-odd years. A few tales of city slickers convinced him. Eventually he thanked us for protecting his belongings. But it was a hot argument while it lasted.

No other business brings into



He left his bass drum in the room, and it took weeks of investigation to get it back to him

plain view so many strange human quirks as does this industry of sheltering, feeding, and otherwise serving folks away from their homes. Gather together all of one day's amusing incidents which occur in a large hotel—you will have a book not only interesting to read but also of genuine educational worth. Hotel happenings bring into sharp relief many facts of behavior which can nowhere else be so conveniently studied.

After all, the hotel man has an exceptional opportunity to become an expert in human nature. During The American Legion Convention last fall, with the World's Fair and half a dozen other three-ring circuses running every day, it was ordinary business for each large Chicago hotel to room thousands of guests every night. At one hotel, not the largest in town, more than 20,000 room guests check in and out during an ordinary month—not to mention the thousands daily who come for any purpose ranging from a convention banquet to keeping an appointment in the lobby.

What stands out above all else is that people are an awfully good sort, after all. For each guest who is unreasonable or otherwise unpleasant, scores sincerely appreciate the host's

efforts to make them comfortable. Moreover, a pleasant personality may lurk beneath a forbidding manner, especially early in the morning.

The largest incoming group arrives none too well rested from a night on the train, and not yet breakfasted. How many of your friends are fit for company before their morning coffee? How many of these saints on earth remain

affable after a poor night's sleep? Now do you begin to see why the morning shift in a hotel requires the tact of an ambassador and the self-control of a Gandhi? Give these new guests half an



If a bellboy or elevator operator failed to recognize him, he demanded the boy's discharge ONE ROOF

ANYTHING can happen in a big city hotel, and everything does, as the detective fiction writers have always insisted. But the emergencies are not always tragic. Take the cases of the card players, the Sandow-built man, the fellow who insisted he had been robbed, the souvenir hound's large vase...

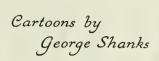
hour to tuck away a good breakfast and get well relaxed over the morning cigarette. Now they emerge from the dining rooms genial and at peace with the world. When they check out toward the end of the week, the parting is a sorrow to guest and host alike. Whoever first stated that an army travels on its stomach should have included business executives and salesmen in his generalization.

Hotel men wonder why the average traveler demands greater comfort in a hotel than he is used to at home. A very few guests undoubtedly have elaborate homes, but these are a tiny minority. In how many homes, for example, has each member of the family

The teeth he had to have to chew his steak were at the hotel, miles away

an individual bathroom, half a dozen
towels a day, a complete change of bed
linen, a fresh bath mat
each morning? If a
modern hotel slips on a
single one of these services, it rates a black
mark. If the hotel
management could only
judge by what the
guests expect, most of
them live in palaces.

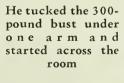
Any experienced hotel man can estimate rather accurately the home surroundings of a guest by the way he reacts to the hotel. The wealthy guest from a luxurious home appreciates what a good hotel provides, and says so, far more than most folks from more modest backgrounds. The guest who expects one hundred percent and is cross if service falls a tiny fraction below perfection thereby reveals his comparative inexperience with large establishments and their problems. In a major shortcoming, of course, the guest accustomed to the best can display a Jovian wrath beyond the capacity of the guest who does not recognize how grievous is the error. But the most appreciative guest is usually the woman accustomed to managing a large home. She can surmise from her own experience how difficult is precision in a 2500room establishment. She knows that maids are not born knowing how to make a bed properly, cooks how to prepare food for maximum flavor and digestibility, waiters how to serve swiftly, daintily, and unobtrusively. If the service shows flaws-and occasionally, alas, it does—she can recall that despite her best efforts at home a butler has been known to drop a plate, a downstairs maid sometimes forgets the ashtrays, the furnace man occasionally fails to get up steam by 7 A. M.



Some guests -particu larly those accustomed to servants-wish to be treated impersonally, and these feel that unnecessary remarks are intrusions. Most people like to be spoken to, to feel that the hotel management and employes are really interested in their comfort and well-being. Some few guests are not satisfied unless they are recognized and called by name —judge for yourself how difficult this is in a really large hotel. Yet there Playwrights to the contrary, house detectives don't spend their time peeking through keyholes

was once a magnate who absolutely insisted that every employe of the hotel address him by name whenever he appeared. If an elevator boy failed to recognize him, he demanded the boy's discharge. "Have people on the elevators who know me," he would order petulantly. Since he sent a huge volume of business and frequently gave dinners costing as high as \$25 a plate—one of these to more than 1000 guests—the management made every effort to comply with his unreasonable demands so long as they carried no injustice. Fortunately, his own memory for people was poor and he did not recognize that the elevator operators he ordered fired were kept on their jobs.

Sizing up the guest as he registers calls for a nice discrimination. What kind of accommodations shall the clerk suggest—\$3.50 or \$12, a single room or a suite in high brackets? Contrary to general opinion, a well-managed hotel does not try to sell the guest a more expensive room than he wishes. If you find hotel clerks generally offering you rooms twice as costly as you can afford, put it down to your prosperous appearance. You may have a three-fifty expense account, but you look like six dollars. The man of limited finances will not keep returning to a **(Continued on page 44)*





WATER, WATER, NOWHERE



On the Arizona desert, with square miles of sand all about it, this adobe clubhouse of Ironwood Post represents an architectural achievement as notable in its setting as the Empire State Building is in New York City

OMEWHERE near the clubhouse of Ironwood Post of The American Legion is a sign which reads: "Water ten miles east or ten miles down." Some Ancient Mariner of the desert perhaps chalked this inscription five or six years ago, before there took form on the astonished landscape of western Arizona the building shown at the top of this page. He

left the sign as a commentary possibly before piling his belongings back into his automobile and setting sail for the horizon. He may have been one of the earliest of the World War veterans who, exiled but hopeful, found a foothold in the Arizona desert where the map reveals the town of Wintersburg (population, 1930 census, 12), but departed before Wintersburg started to grow up.

The signmaker and many of his comrades came and departed, but there remained at Wintersburg fifteen bolder and hardier spirits who made a gesture

to the future four years ago by founding Ironwood Post of the Legion. These fifteen charter members of the post had faith. Though water might be hard to get, still there were ways of getting it. Before the first year ended the post rollcall had thirty-three names. The second year there were thirty-four Legionnaires of Ironwood Post.

There is something in a name. G. A. Weiss, Post Commander in 1933, who modestly reports his post's many claims to distinction, cites a time-honored resident of the desert:

"The name of our post honors an even earlier pioneer. Ironwood grows in the washes out here and tests the strength and skill of the best to break it. It defies the elements, bowing only to old age."

Now you begin to understand why the clubhouse of Ironwood Post represents an architectural achievement comparable to the Empire State Building in New York. Its builders were onetime health-seekers, who came from their original homes in all parts of the country. They dug the foundation for their post home. They made and



As its first job as a new post in a new town, Ironwood Post erected a flagpole for the new school, the first of many later works for the community

laid the adobe brick. They did the carpentry, cement and plaster work. They gave it graceful lines. The post's Auxiliary unit, true to form, put on the finishing touches. Its ten members

THE LEGION IN THE YELLOWSTONE

Yellowstone Park members of The American Legion do a bit of remodeling on the park's "House of Horns." Legionnaire Roger W. Toll, Park Superintendent, in center. Park members travel 130 miles when they attend post meetings in Livingston, Montana



arranged the furniture and hung the curtains, gave to the clubhouse that air of comfort and cheer which triumphs over desert weariness.

Post Commander Weiss relates that the veterans of Ironwood Post arrived on the desert like ships at sea after a storm. Seeking repairs, they drifted from port to port, trying here and there, until they finally found in Wintersburg that for which they were hunting.

"Dry heat, hovering between 100 and 120 degrees and hanging on from April to October, with 90 percent sunshine, has done the repair work that these ships needed," writes Mr. Weiss.

"One by one they drifted in from all directions, North, South, East and West. Later others foundered in, increasing the number to 33. Not more than two represented any one State. They in-



cluded men from the infantry, the Marines, the Navy, every branch of service almost. They were seeking homes in the middle of a dry wasteland where cactus, sage, mesquite and greasewood shielded the treacherous rattle-snake, coyotes, gila monsters, scorpions and other assorted varmints.

"Each picking out his particular homestead site, which Uncle Sam gave him the right to own provided he would stick, they started out to do their job. With an allowance check for his broken health or with income from some other source, each in his own way hauled or dragged out materials with which to build a shack for himself and in many cases his family. Here he made his stand, miles of desert separating him from his nearest neighbors. With a grubbing hoe, he set to work in heat almost unbearable at first, cleaning a spot of stickers and thorns. Working as hard as his health would allow, to build his home was a slow, long job, but he finished at last.

"Sleeping on a plank stretched across a pair of saw-horses, he kept out of reach of rattlers and sidewinders. Only the man who

LEGION # Excursion

has passed through it all can know what it means to complete this job. But thanks to auto, distance was overcome. Where finances were low, however, and a battery was down, a pail of water looked like a lake, and a can of beans like a grocer's store.

"Having finished his shack finally, his next duty was to get acquainted with his neighbors, who like himself were homesteading in search of health. In the coolness of evening, there were trips together to other neighbors or to an improvised store which one of them had started. Soon groups were getting together to thrash out ideas that would help them all. First talk, then work—the cutting of roadways, filling of ditch crossings between shacks. More and more they all developed interest in the other fellow. Out of it all grew Ironwood Post of The American Legion.

"Little by little the community grew. A schoolhouse was moved close to the store. Meeting places became more and more popular. Veterans exchanged desires and experiences. They staged community dances and entertainments. Then they erected a fifty-foot flagpole and presented it with a flag to the district. Some donated pipe, others cement. Some hauled gravel. Now the flag is raised at the beginning of every school day. Their children and the children of their neighbors will some day boast of having gone to school in a homestead settlement on what was once a real No Man's Land.

"The flagpole project made them conscious of their power. Next they set out to build a good road to connect them with the paved highway ten miles distant and the nearest town, twenty miles away. They hauled dirt for fills, made concrete dips and water barriers of rock to guard against the sudden torrential rains. And finally they built Ironwood Post's clubhouse."

Yellowstone Park Legionnaires

THE chap in the advertisements who walked a mile for a favorite cigaret ought to hear about a real test for loyalty. How about driving 130 miles in below-zero weather in order to attend the monthly meeting of your Legion post? That is a performance which many members of Park Post of Livingston, Montana, have put on often, according to Legionnaire L. N. Tompkins.

These champion meeting-attenders, according to Mr. Tompkins, belong to the detail which Uncle Sam keeps on the job the year round in Yellowstone National Park. Here, in the oldest



The new clubhouse of San Anselmo (California) Post is the largest redwood log cabin in the world. Post members erected it in their city's Recreation Park

Say!! That

is an idea.

Thanks for

Buddy !! -

the tip!

No, we're just taking

week end trips this

summer - I'm saving my vacation for the

Miami Convention !!

and largest of our national playgrounds, where there are more geysers than are found in all the rest of the world, where there is a verdant canyon which affords an eyeful that can't be duplicated anywhere—here you'll find naturalists and rangers, hotel men and transportation men who have a date the third Wednesday in every month in the city of Livingston, sixty-five miles

from the park's northern gateway at Gardiner.

"On that third Wednesday," writes Mr. Tompkins, "the Legionnaires of the park fill up two or three cars and head for Livingston. It is 130 miles for the round trip, and that means winter as well as spring and fall.

"This year, in recognition of the lovalty of the park group, Park Post chose as its Commander Joe Joffe, assistant to the superintendent. The outfit now has 215 members and is out to make it 250. Livingston is a lively town, an important railroad center, and thousands of tourists spend many hours in it on their way into or out of the park. Conducting a post from a distance of sixty-five miles may be in itself unique, and it is also unusual that none of the members from the park lives in the State of

Montana. All are employes of the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior, and Yellowstone National Park is located in Wyoming. We can't keep membership in Wyoming posts because snow blocks roads eight months of the year."

Laughing Water

THE French had a word for it—zig-zag.

It was what happened to a soldat when he incautiously lapped up a triple sec or two after drinking vin rouge or vin blanc.

Report was that only American soldiers would become zig-zag because, poor fellows, they were not used to Nature's blessings of the vine and so rashly experimented by mixing over the café tables the beverage counterparts of dynamite and nitroglycerin instead of drinking only wine.

If the report that American soldiers on occasion became zig-zag

in France were true once upon a time, an inquiry at the bar in The American Legion Memorial Building in Paris by Legionnaire Bernhard Ragner of Paris Post reveals that American drinking habits in France have changed mightily in fifteen years.

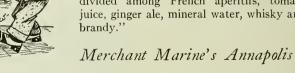
Reports Mr. Ragner:

"Champagne (costing four francs for a big glass) is the favorite drink, being consumed by fifty percent of the customers.

"Next comes Coca Cola, imported from America—25 percent.

"Beer is third—15 percent.

"As to the remaining 10 percent, it is divided among French aperitifs, tomato juice, ginger ale, mineral water, whisky and



POST Commander Maurice G. Rosenwald of Navy Post in New York City sends word that his outfit, composed of 140 members who held all ranks during the war from admiral to seaman, plans to do a little missionary work on behalf of Uncle Sam's merchant marine during 1934. Following an address by Commander J. H. Tomb of the Training Ship Empire State, the flagship of the New York State Navy, Navy Post Legionnaires hope to enlist the aid of other posts in New York State in obtaining honor students as cadets for the New York State Merchant Marine Academy.



If you have never heard of the New York Navy or the academy, here's the lowdown: The academy is the Annapolis of the merchant marine, maintained by the taxpayers of New York State to teach New York boys all there is to be taught about running a ship. New classes are enrolled in the spring and autumn of each year and the course requires two years. Cadets receive most of the training aboard the Empire State, which has had its base at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Free scholarships are provided for applicants possessing a high school education or its equivalent who can meet physical requirements and other tests. Out-of-State boys may

take the course upon payment of tuition.

Recent developments will greatly enlarge the activities of the academy. Upon the abandonment of Fort Schuyler, located on Throg's Neck near the wartime site of Uncle Sam's Pelham Bay Naval Training Station, one half of this military reservation is to be given over to the New York State Merchant Marine Academy. The new base will permit training of larger classes and insure improvement of courses.

Cancer and Hospitalization

The legislative reaffirmation of the World War veteran's right to free hospitalization in the facilities of the Veterans Administration if he is unable to pay for hospital treatment opens the door to hope for a large percentage of service men now suffering from cancer and insures proper care of service men who may develop this disease in the future. The National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion, 1608 K St., N. W., Washington, D. C., has issued a bulletin calling attention to the fact that the Veterans Administration maintains three clinics for the diagnosis and treatment of tumors, one at Hines, Illinois, another at Sawtelle, California, and the third at Portland, Oregon.

"These clinics are equipped with radium, deep X-ray and all equipment necessary to carry out any surgical procedure in the treatment of this condition," the bulletin states, "and have as a staff a board composed of specialists in internal medicine, surgery, gynecology, urology, orthopedic surgery, eye, ear, nose and throat and dermatology. These clinics provide for Uncle Sam's



Like father, like son. Commander Frederick H. Bishop, Commander of the Massachusetts Department of the G. A. R., and his son, Francis H. Bishop, Commander of Wollaston (Massachusetts) Post



Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, after flying over the Grand Canyon of Arizona as the guest of the unit of John Ivens Post, meets a 4-yearold Navajo girl on the rim at Yaki Point

veterans the most modern treatment known to medical science."

The Veterans Administration has prescribed rules governing

The Veterans Administration has prescribed rules governing the determination of inability to pay for private hospital care and treatment and admission of those unable to pay to the government institutions. A statement under oath by the applicant that he is unable to pay for the service sought is acceptable.

Sentries for a City

YOU can't slip into Sarasota, Florida, quietly if you are motoring down the West Coast on the way to the Miami convention, unless you do your driving before daybreak or long after dark. Whether you drive an antique tincan or a Snootie Sixteen, you'll find in your path at Sarasota's gateway a polite gentleman in a Legion cap. As you stop your car, he'll hand you a glass of ice-cold orange juice by way of introduction.

Then he'll give you a map of the city, tell you anything you want to know about hotels, tell you (Continued on page 59)

HITTING the LINE on the HOME FRONT



Evidence that the men in uniform not only bought Liberty Bonds but helped sell them. Chris E. Mulrain, doughboy, is shown in action on the top of a British tank in New York City

HE old memory traveled back to service days when we read the letter from Chris E. Mulrain which accompanied the picture bulletined above—back to that famous ditty, "All We Do Is Sign the Payroll." You remember the lyrics which told of the successively destructive deductions from a buck's pay until finally he didn't receive a gol-darned cent? Mulrain's contribution brought to mind particularly the "five dollars for a Liberty bond" deduction which broadcast the fact that Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors were not alone fighting the war but helping at the same time to pay for it.

We don't agree with the introduction to Mulrain's letter, because at the invitation of the Company Clerk more of the fellows who failed to get over into the A. E. F. have been sending in pictures and stories that have been appearing in these columns, but we'll let you read it all anyway:

"Your columns of Then and Now seem to deal mostly with stories of the soldiers who got over there and too little about us birds who had to stay on this side. I was the first man to enlist from South Amboy, New Jersey, and the closest I ever got to France was Governors Island, New York Harbor, where I was a member of the 22d Infantry.

"While stationed there I was assigned to guard a booth of the Second Liberty Loan Drive in New York City and as the bank clerks assigned to these booths were often poor talkers, I

took up speech making for a while and helped out. The enclosed snapshot shows me speaking from the top of a British tank that was sent over here to help the sale of bonds. During this drive I assisted in selling about \$300,000 worth of bonds.

"I haven't seen or heard from any of my old buddies of Company C, 22d Infantry, for years or from the shavetails who were commissioned with me at Camp Lee, Virginia, in October, 1918. Would like to hear from them. My brother, who was also unfortunate in not getting across, and I are now slinging ham and eggs here in Mulrain's Dining Car in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, and they sure go for my army-style beans!"

We figured that the raft of soldiers, sailors, marines, nurses and others of the service who contributed from their scanty pay for Liberty bonds might be interested in a few facts regarding the Liberty Loans and so we dug out the following:

Four Liberty Loans were floated by the United States during the actual war period—a fifth loan after the Armistice being called the Victory Liberty Loan. Between the time of the first loan, May 14, 1917, and the end of the fifth, May 10, 1919, Americans subscribed the neat sum of \$24,072,257,550, of which amount \$21,435,370,600 was accepted by the Secretary of the Treasury—

all of the loans having been oversubscribed to the tune of about a billion dollars each.

This vast sum was raised for two purposes—to pay our own war expenses and to take care of the already over-



The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



strained credit of our Allies. The loans to the various Allied governments totaled \$9,598,236,575 and that amount didn't include the sales of war material after the war had ended. We wonder, considering the present situation with regard to Inter-Allied war debts, just how much or how little of this huge sum will ever be repaid to generous Uncle Sam.

When the war came to a close approximately 25,000,000 Americans held Liberty bonds and the tough part of it is that many of those who bought were not wealthy but through patriotic zeal had borrowed money, often at high rates of interest, to pay for their bonds. Most of you recall the Four-Minute Men, volunteer speakers who addressed audiences in theaters, movie houses and other public places in the interest of Liberty bond sales—also the display of captured German war material and the visits of distinguished and wounded allied soldiers. How many of you fellows, while in training over here, participated in the numerous Liberty Loan parades?

GIÈVRES, principal storage depot in the A. E. F., where was stored the surplus equipment of officers and enlisted men, might well be likened to the Sargasso Sea, legendary graveyard of lost ships. It is safe to say that in that French village more equipment, souvenirs and personal treasures were lost, strayed or—salvaged, than in any other army center either overseas or on this side of the pond. It was there that Edward A. Toomey, charter member of Malverne (Long Island, New York) Post of the Legion found the snapshot print of the French teamster and his oxen reproduced on this page. He found it at the dump in Gièvres and would like to know the man who took the picture so it could be returned to him. Does anyone identify it?

We extract some items from his letter in which he tells of his service and of a few of his impressions:

"Replacements of artillery personnel were supposed to go across automatically at the rate of 15,000 per month in the fall of 1918 but the flu at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, reduced the October Automatic Replacement Draft to 7500—the group having two lieutenants to each 250 men, with sidearms only, and no staff officers. Some 1750 of us—I was a shavetail—went out from Newport News on the *Powhatan* (now the *President Fillmore* and still in commission, I understand). She was one of twenty-two ships, mainly transports, arriving in Brest, November 9, 1918, about forty-eight hours before the Armistice went into effect,



This snapshot is a souvenir of the surplus baggage storage dump at Gièvres. Can anyone identify and claim the picture?

with 20,000 or more American troops.

"After ten days at Pontanezen we rode the boxcars down to Le Corneau (Gironde) where the Monthly's occasional contributor, Leonard Nason, left his hero of 'Chevrons.' Beautiful Arcachon, on a 12-mile arm of the Bay of Biscay, was our leave area as well as that of certain units of Naval aviation, forestry engineers and Army aviation in nearby stations.

"Lieutenant Brand (or Branch) and I were assigned to a new outfit of a thousand special troops for the Third Army up in the Occupied Area. It started for

Germany, got as far as St. Aignan-Novers, or better, Meusnes, just outside of St. 'Agony,' where after a month it was broken up, the bulk of us going into a new organization of combat troops known as the Train Guard Service. It was my good fortune to be assigned to Captain Coy's 181st Company and have the job of adjutant wished onto me as the lowest in rank and latest in date of commission, for the wise birds ducked paper-work. As it turned out, the sun-dodging berth proved to be a sweet assignment. For, more or less in line of duty, I visited the magnificent chateaux of Valency (the Duc de Talleyrand's), Chenonceaux (Diane de-

NAVY DEPARTMENT.

ADSISTANT SECRETARY'S OFFICE

WASH NOTON

APPLIE, lylo.

Mr. Van Missingen,
Lesner Eld.,
B worth Mabash ave.,
Jhicago, Hile.

Dear dir:

Your prompt and petriotic response
to the LAW's call for binoculars, telescopes,
and spy-glasses, is most appreciated. The glasses will be very useful in the prosecution of
level operations until victory is won.

At the termination of the war, if
possible, every effort will be made to return
them to you, when it is noted that you will
feel compensated for any evidence of wear, by
the knowledge that you have supplied "yes for
the TANY" during a very trying period.

On behalf of the ANY, I wish to
thank you most heartily.

Very respectfully.

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy—now President—thanks a Legionnaire-to-be for his aid in winning the war

Poitiers' and Mary, Queen of Scots') and Blois, as well as the cathedrals of Bourges and St. Martin of Tours.

"Yet I missed one convoy trip to Coblenz with food supplies, another to Rumania with underwear and surplus clothing and a third convoy of steel pipe to the Michigan troops at Archangel



Spreading joy and increasing morale in the A. E. F., thousands of theater folks contributed their large share in the war. Here are the Prosser Sisters, with Paul Elliott as chauffeur and Major Gresang, during their tour of the Occupied Area (Neuwied)

(Russia) via a Channel port and a British tramp touching Hull. I wonder if that Q. M. convoy who beat me out of the last trip ever got back?

"The enclosed print—haven't any idea whose it is—came from the dump at Gièvres, the sinkhole of a billion American dollars. There, the coal pile where many a goldbrick made up the time lost on phony sick calls; the Railroad (American lines of communication) switching engineer who had 56 courtmartials in a

vear and never had the chance to spend a peaceable night in the guard house. As soon as he would be checked in by his escorting guard for a good night's rest, the Major Olsen of the 15th Grand Division would phone for his release on the plea the railroad was short of competent switchers and, against his protests, the poor culprit would be booted out of the hoose-gow and restored to duty for another 26-hour tour. . . . Many more way-stops and then....

"1919-Paris-not Armistice night but the afternoon and night of June 20th when the Peace Treaty was finally signed. There seemed to be 100,000 soldats Americains there that night to say nothing of the American civilians. I'll let someone else who was there describe that thrilling and memorable day."

E KNOW that among our readers there are a number of philatelists, particularly disabled comrades whose activities are limited. We haven't heard until now from any autograph collectors but we'd be almost willing to wager that the most important autograph in the possession of any veteran is that which appears on his certificate of discharge.

The letter we post on the preceding page bears an autograph which fifteen years after it was penned gained a lot of weight and significance to the entire country. The letter was loaned to us by Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr., of Lake Bluff (Illinois) Post, whose stories you read every so often in the Monthly. This is how he explains this prized document:

"At the very outset of this country's participation in the war,

the Navy Department issued a clarion call for all people possessing good field glasses, binoculars, and so forth, to send them in as a loan to serve for the duration. Some time previously my father purchased in a Chicago pawnshop a pair of fine French field glasses, and had given them to me.

"About their only use to me was for watching the line play at football games. So, of course, I packed them up in their nice leather case and shipped them to Washington. Many months

afterward, when I had given up hope of ever hearing from them, I received a letter from Assistant Secretary of the Navy F. D. Roosevelt thanking me.

"I don't recall whether the letter came after I had enlisted in the U.S. N. R. F., but anyway I presently found myself in a blue uniform studying to become an ensign of the Pelham variety.

"Came the Armistice and release from active duty. It must have been in 1920 or 1921 that my seagoing football glasses came wandering back home by mail. The leather case was all shot. The frame of the glasses showed several dents. Engraved on one tube was 'U. S. Navy,' with a serial number. There was no question about it-those glasses saw a lot more service than did their owner.

"And when in years to come tiny tots

propaganda) and demand to know, 'What did you do in the Great War, Grampaw?'—I'm guessing that I won't even mention my colorless tour of duty. No, with palsied old hands I'll pull out this Roosevelt letter, and courteously answer, 'Not that it's any of your business, you brat, but here's proof that Grampaw really did help his country, after all."

sit on my knees (see 1917 enlistment

SO MANY stories of soldier shows and a few of sailor shows have appeared in these columns that a fellow might conclude that the men in service had to supply all of their own entertainment. Not so, however, as any of the old gang can vouch. The show folks came across nobly in helping to entertain the men and women in uniform. (Continued on page 62)

From Golden Grains to-GOLDEN WEDDING IT'S ALL WHISKEY



Choice grain, richly ripened, is the source of its flavor. Expert knowledge of mellowing in charred oak, plus 78 years of experience, are the sources of its smoothness. Golden Wedding is a blend of only whiskey with whiskey. This

is the source of its goodness. And its flavor, smoothness and goodness are the sources of its *popularity*. But let Golden Wedding tell you its story in its own inimitable way—in a tall glass or a pony—a most pleasing way!

VISIT THE SCHENLEY BUILDING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

DEMAND GOLDEN WEDDING - ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

AUGUST, 1934 37

THE VOICE of the LEGION

Veterans' Rights, the Opposition, Resolutions, National Defense and the Disabled Draw Comment of Editors

RE you one of the veterans who think the fight is over, the armistice signed? Do you believe the rights of our disabled comrades are adequately protected since the veto of the President was over-ridden? Do you think the opposition which spent millions to break the power of the veteran is taking its beating lying down?

Then consider this: Repeal of all existing veterans legislation and the overhauling of the federal pension system is a proposal recommended at a meeting held in New York last month under the auspices of the American Veterans Association, Inc., and 28 local "civic and business" organizations. And this, comrades, was but the opening gun of "a national educational campaign for enlightenment of the average veteran and voter having little or no knowledge of the abuses inherent in the present federal veterans' compensation system."—The Oregon Legionnaire.

THE PRESS AND THE LEGION

It kind of "boins" me up of late when I read the lambastings given The American Legion by some of the press of this country—particularly our metropolitan press. When they run out of decent, readable and interesting matter they invariably revert back to the threadbare headlines such as "Veterans Raid Treasury" or "Colossal Legion Lobby Intimidates Congressmen." And the average daily reader, sad to relate, takes this bunk at its face value. Some readers with the intelligence of the twelve-year-old mind, would actually picture the veterans standing at the doors of the treasury with machine guns mounted and bowie-knives in their teeth.

Until the antagonistic attitude of some of the press is subjugated, and subordinated to the tenets of common decency and truth, I am finding myself willing, and almost ready, to uphold most any program The American Legion wants to sponsor. And this notwithstanding my well known attitude toward bonus legislation and other items considered untimely.

As a little one-one-millionth part of the organization, I am out to fight for my American Legion first—and then we can do our private scrapping inside where we can work quietly and sanely.

—Russ Barton in Scarsdale (New York) Post Frankfutter.

THE RESOLUTION EVIL

UP to several years ago, the passing of resolutions by The American Legion was confined mostly to Department conventions or to inconsequential matters of local import.

Since then the passing of resolutions by posts, districts, areas and county councils has grown to a major industry covering almost every subject under the sun, and giving the public an entirely erroneous view of Legion policy. Posts dash off resolutions based on something they read about in the papers, and hasten to get publicity, although the subject may be far afield from any Legion activity.

The resoluting disease has gained a firm foothold and it is going to be hard to control it, but it is about time a halt was

called and the Legion confined itself to its own program, which is plenty big to keep everyone busy.—West Virginia Legionnaire.

WHY NATIONAL DEFENSE?

FROM all parts of the nation come the ever increasing demands that America sit up and take notice of the shabby condition of her forces of Jefense and security and make some effort to avert another fiasco such as we witnessed in 1917 and 1918.

History, filled with startling examples of suffering and losses to self-satisfied and lazy people, does not seem to be one of the subjects our nation's leaders have any knowledge of.

After 1919, the Administrations all took turns in reaching bottom on preparedness. Harding, anxious to give everything away, scrapped the only new warships we had; Coolidge with Yankee parsimony followed suit and allowed everything of martial nature to decline; Hoover's Quakeristic leanings completed the disarming on the plea of hard times. Roosevelt at present has shown no signs of seeing the handwriting on the wall, the Army is begging for increased personnel and modern material, the Navy is in the same fix only worse off.

Under the guise of peace lovers our nation's leaders have tried to put the rest of the world back to the bow and arrow days; no weapons or ships for offensive purposes. Europe and Asia have fooled us completely with their talk of disarming. Their actions belie their words and so far we are the suckers in a pond of sharks.

—The Whazzit, Silver Bow Post, Butte, Montana.

VETS, POLITICS AND POLITICIANS

OCCASIONALLY a self-appointed file closer in veteran organizations manages to kid some weak-minded politician into believing he can "deliver" the so-called "soldier vote."

His comrades, with heartening celerity, reduce him to the rear rank where he has plenty of time and solitude in which to consider his wounded feelings and wrecked ambitions.

Like a hot-house flower, he blooms—and fades with equal promptitude.

The Legionnaire is a good political shopper. Generally he can be depended upon to support the office seeker who has the most to offer in good government.

He supports other veterans only when their record for personal and public probity equals or outweighs the virtues of their opponents for office.

The "soldier vote" can not be garnered by placing "just another veteran" on the ballot.—Egyptian Legionnaire, Herrin, Illinois.

A PLATFORM TO STAND UPON

ACCORDING to Pat Cliff, national rehabilitation vice chairman, who attended the area rehabilitation conferences in Boston and Atlantic City, the state rehabilitation chairmen attend-

ing those meetings incorporated the result of their discussions in a proposed Legion platform. The platform now reads:

"In order that the American people may—in the cross fire of publicity sponsored by certain groups and organizations—understand the position of The American Legion as to World War veterans, it is stated as follows:

"The Legion stands as advocating compensation solely for war disabilities and deaths, with hospitalization when required. It is a proponent for hospitalization in federal hospitals for disabilities not service-incurred only when it is actually necessary and in cases where the veteran is unable to pay for such care privately. This is a privilege granted to all citizens in similar circumstances, in private or public hospitals.

"The responsibility for the medical care of the civilian group is in the community; the responsibility for the care of the veteran who fought for the whole people is vested in the federal Government.

"The American Legion seeks only to restore to productivity so far as is possible maimed and sickened bodies of the 5 percent of us tolled off to do the fighting for the rest of us. This principle, with minor variations as to plan and procedure, has been America's policy since 1636. The Legion does not seek to place soldiers in a more elevated station than the honorable one they occupy in the hearts of the American people. It merely bends its efforts to restore levels disturbed by war and its collaterals. It advocates adequate protection for widows and orphans of deceased veterans only when these dependents are in need of such protection.

"Beyond its position with respect to disabled veterans the Legion adheres to the principle of universal service in time of war, contending that only thereby can the inequalities of the burden of war be reduced as between those who served with the armed forces and those who served in a civilian capacity.

"We recognize further that no form of legislation can ever reduce the hardships of war or the economic losses suffered by those called upon to defend the nation in combat. As to the economic cost of war and the cost of war in human life and human suffering there can be no comparison.

"We advocate the universal draft law: First, take the profit out of war and thereby aid in preventing war; secondly, in the event of war to equalize the economic and physical burden upon all the people, and thirdly, to make our national effort unified and effective.

"The Legion national rehabilitation committee, after 15 years of effort to aid human stabilization in the aftermath of war, deeply and sincerely advocates the adoption by Congress of a fair and equitable plan for the utilization of all resources in national conflict; with equal obligation and opportunity for service for all and with special profit and privilege for none."—

Minnesota Legionnaire.



BRUCE CABOT . . . noted RKO movie star

"HELP YOURSELF," said a friend as he passed me his tin of Union Leader. "You probably won't believe it, but that tobacco cost me only a dime."

Which goes to show that "price" isn't the only measure of value. That first pipeful of Union

Leader won me . . . and I've been smoking it ever since.

In Union Leader your dime buys the sweetest and smoothest Kentucky Burley that ever glorified a pipe. A pipeful will prove that. (P. S. It's mighty fine for cigarettes, too.)

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Twenty Years After

(Continued from page 6)

legitimate stage and vaudeville. bright stars of the screen were 'Mary Pickford and John Bunny, over-sized comedian. Ethel Barrymore, May Irwin and Gabys Deslys had taken the plunge into pictures. The top-run movies were "Cabiria," an Italian spectacle picture with a hero built on the lines of Primo Carnera; the thriller serial, "The Perils of Pauline," featuring Pearl White, and Annette Kellerman in "Neptune's Daughter." A new wrinkle that gave promise of livening the movies was provided in the film "Curse You, Jack Dalton," in which a monologist named Jack Gardner was creating something of a sensation. With the pictures projected from the back of the stage the monologist stood before the screen. "If he sees the fair haired heroine betraying signs of an intention to faint," ran one review of the picture, "he courteously suggests that she had better have a glass of water, which she proceeds to get forthwith. And when the villain becomes too intolerably villainous Mr. Gardner shoots him and the photograph wretch drops to the photograph floor, photograph dead."

Baseball was still the great American game, and here it was putting on a Cinderella show with the Boston National League team coming from last place after the Fourth of July to gain the pennant finally and in October, when the war was an old story, to triumph over the Philadelphia Athletics in four straight games. The

mighty names of baseball were still Mathewson, Cobb, Wagner, Lajoie, Speaker, Crawford, Collins, Baker. And here in mid-July is an item from Boston: "Ruth, formerly of Baltimore, made his debut today as a local pitcher." The headline read "Ruth Batted Out by the Naps," but the Babe's team, the Red Sox, won from Cleveland, 4 to 3. Francis Ouimet of Boston, not quite yet a Legionnaire, was the open golf champion of America. Brookes and Wilding of Australasia were working their way to the challenge round of the Davis Cup in tennis. They were to take the cup from the United States, despite two smashing singles victories of Maurice McLoughlin, known as "the California Comet," in mid-August. And somewhat later that year McLoughlin was to yield the national singles championship to R. Norris Williams, 2d, a Legionnaire who in this year of 1934 is the non-playing captain of America's Davis Cup team.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was still the great show of "the road," but for this first war summer New York theatergoers were seeing "Potash and Perlmutter," "Ziegfeld Follies," "Passing Show of 1914," "Too Many Cooks," and "Kitty Mac-Kay." In vaudeville the headliners were Joan Sawyer, Adelaide and Hughes, and Houdini. Harry Lauder was in Australia and booked for an American tour in the fall

And what were the popular songs of that fateful summer?

"It's a Long Way to Tipperary" had been written two years before, but it was not until Kitchener's "Contemptibles" started crossing the Channel on their way to death and glory that it blossomed forth as the Tommies' favorite. Over here we were singing the "International Rag," "When You Wore a Tulip," "Can't You Hear Me Calling, Caroline?" "California and You," "By the Beautiful Sea," "This Is the Life," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "On the Old Fall River Line," "Good-bye, Boys," "There's a Girl in the Heart of Maryland," "You Made Me Love You," and "I Love the Ladies."

The Kaiser's fifth son was married on August first, which was the scheduled sailing date from New York of the Hamburg-American liner Vaterland, and from Boston of the Amerika. Other sailing dates of German ships were advertised thus: Kronprinz Wilhelm, August 4th, George Washington, August 8th, and Kaiser Wilhelm II, August 11th. Their sailing was postponed in each case, and you may have been a passenger on their next eastward journey some three years later, when they were respectively the United States Transports Leviathan, America, Von Steuben, George Washington and Agamemnon.

Twenty years ago—and it seems like the day before yesterday.

Uncorking Good Time

(Continued from page 9)

Having delivered himself of this he proceeded forthwith to fall into a four foot trench that had been dug across the land-scape.

I hauled him out of the trench with some difficulty and we resumed our march. A final word of caution from the major at the door of our quarters: "Make no noise now. We must not wake up any of our mates!"

The major detoured to the right to where his cot stood at the upper end of a long line of cots. I prowled down the central corridor, sailing by dead reckoning. I located my cot by the snores of a brother lieutenant who slept on the starboard side and I was half way into the blankets when a small personal earthquake cut loose at the upper end of the long room. The major and his internal cargo of champagne had sat down a bit heavily on his rickety cot. It let go with him and in an instinctive effort to save himself he had hauled down from the shelves above him a sabre, seven or eight framed photographs and half of the medical supplies with which a paternal government had endowed the regiment.

Tin boxes and bottles fell at intervals from then until daylight, during which the major snored through it all in a military manner, much to the delight of various and sundry eager witnesses, not above blackmail, who had suffered from his ideas relative to army discipline.

From then on the major's gratuitous lessons in army etiquette seemed to explode without much loss of life. Junior officers ceased to shiver at the sound of his voice. We had an ace up our sleeve and when he barked, the instinctive answer in the vernacular of a later year was, "Oh, yeah? You and who else?"

There came a night when, for a moment, I regretted that I was a stranger to the major's easy use of discipline. Some generous princeling in the Sauterne country had presented a friend of mine, who was a quartermaster colonel, with six cases of Château Yquem. With one of those beautiful gestures that are characteristic of the Quartermaster Corps, the colonel,

after his eighth apéritif in front of the Café Bordeaux, transferred his right and title to two of these cases to me.

I had a dinner engagement with a lady and so did the colonel. A foursome was not in the cards. Lugging two cases of the finest white wine in France around with me during the evening was also not in the cards and so I transferred it to the keeping of two gentlemanly sergeants who had accompanied me to Bordeaux. "Guard this with your life," I said. "Them is your orders. Meet me with the hack in front of the Restaurant Gruber at eleven o'clock tonight."

The two cases of wine were parked in the back end of the Dodge and we went our several ways, the colonel to the house of his lady, the sergeants God knows where, and I to my rendezvous at the Chapeau Rouge, where I was to meet my dinner companion.

At eleven o'clock the cares of the day and the pleasures being, as I believed, well in the past, I marched solo to the Restaurant Gruber. The Dodge and the two everfaithful sergeants were waiting for me. I climbed in and there was no Sauterne cluttering up the space at my feet.

"Where are those two cases of wine?" I

inquired in a low, vibrant voice.

"Well, loot, you see it was this way," one of the faithful unto death began. "Me and Slim duck into a joint to get our chow and—"

"You'll pardon the interruption but—is the wine gone?"

Coming out of his personal trance, "Gone beyond recall," the second of the ever-faithful announced. A hearty burp and this hero went back into dreamland.

"Raiding party I suppose from somewhere up the line?" I suggested to the other member of the expedition.

"That's just what happened, loot. The Huns come over by the million. Me and Slim run out of ammunition and—"

"Head the hack for camp," I said surrendering. "Maybe you'd better let me drive. Sit back here and get yourself a nap on the way out."

The mystery was solved a month later by Alexander. "The two American soldiers of your company consumed with their four little women one case of the finest vintage of Château Yquem that we have seen for years," Alexander explained. "They enjoyed a repast that has not been equaled since—"

"Where did they get the money to pay for it?" I asked, remembering the financial status of my two associates on the night in question.

"In exchange for another case of that delectable wine the management was pleased to advance some three hundred francs," Alexander explained.

So that was that. Crude but effective. Singly and collectively the Rabble Engineers always seemed to have brains enough to get what they wanted. I remember the great En Route souse. We had orders to move from the warehouse job near Bordeaux to another mess of hard labor so far up the line that it meant fifteen hours on the railroad. The Rabble had plenty of influence with the Chef de Gare, the King of England, Pershing, Foch and various other high officials, and so passenger coaches of the starboard and port running-board variety instead of the customary forty-man horse-cars were provided. This was all a very handsome gesture on the part of Lafayette and the other Frenchmen to whom we were paying our debts, but a question came up in the minds of the company officers as to how many fatalities might develop from visits back and forth between these cars in our train while we were clipping along at thirty or forty miles an hour.

"It's a holiday," one of the loots predicted. "The Gang gets a gutful of wine and goes prowling along those six inch running-boards and half of them fall off and then where are you?"

"Easy enough to handle that," another genius suggested. "Let the top line 'em up before they get on the train and then issue an order to (Continued on page 42)



ARROW UNDERWEAR

Perfect fit guaranteed_

Made by the makers of ARROW SHIRTS

Uncorking Good Time

(Continued from page 41)

drain the canteens and fill them with pure sparkling water. They carry most of their refreshments in their canteens."

This was done—much to the disgust of the Rabble Gang—and after a flood of red wine and white wine and cognac had hit the rain drenched soil of sun-kissed France the canteens were filled with that violent fluid known as "pure water" to which the ever present medico had added an overdose of epsom salts or whatever it was they used to keep our minds off the war.

All set for the long ride, we climbed aboard the train half an hour later and started out. Along about two o'clock one of the loots stuck his head out of the brassnecks' car and gave a look at the long train. He jerked his head back a second later. "Holy old jumping Josephus!" he yelled. "Get an eyeful of this home-like scene!"

The brassnecks got an eyeful. The running-boards of every car in the train were swarming with carefree heroes, coming and going like ants. Some object of interest had been cut into the middle of the train. Every tourist was loaded with half a dozen dangling canteens. A careful survey disclosed the fact that one of the big four-thousand-gallon tank cars that the French used for shipping wine up the line was part of our train.

A couple of sacks of sugar to the Chef de Gare, and what is a carload of wine between friends?

No casualties and everybody happy, and once more the Rabble Gang had shown the cock-eyed world that they could beat whatever stacked deck was dealt against them

Our reception up the line was pleasant enough except for a few minor clashes between the Gang and the local M. P. outfit. There was no banquet to welcome us after the spontaneous jaw-socking season closed. Nothing to make us feel at home except more and deeper mud. Nothing of the good cheer, the warm hand-clasps, the friendly glances that had welcomed the officers of the regiment a week

or so after our arrival in France. That was a banquet! The French General commanding the region promoted it; orders came down to us to get all shined up and to be on hand at eight o'clock at the great château where the orgies were to be pulled off.

"You will meet the flower of French chivalry," some one said, using over-sized words. "The general is going to be there and the mayor of the town and a lot of high toned Frenchmen and their wives and daughters. For the love of God watch your step!"

We watched our step and we rallied at eight, laden with hope and with a few preliminary slugs of cognac. This excellent liquor, together with the warmth of our welcome, dispelled the chill of the night and went far toward putting us in a mood to enjoy the oratory that accompanied the banquet. As a matter of fact, midway of the banquet it appeared that there was a slight overdose of oratory. Half of the local representatives of the human race seemed to feel that they must make a speech or two. The daughter of the mayor sat at my left and she could speak fair English. My ears were ringing from some unknown cause—possibly it may have been my futile effort at trying to listen to three lovely ladies in my immediate vicinity, all of whom talked most of the time.

Presently I was conscious of a booming voice that rose above the local chatter. Closing the left eye my vision cleared to reveal the commanding general of the region in all the splendor of his French uniform. The general had rared up on his hind legs and was shooting language all over the room. It could have been translated by anyone who had a perfect knowledge of English and French. Most of it was pleasantly vague until he got into the home stretch. At this point, with a sweeping gesture of his right arm, he launched into the blowoff. He should have raised his sights on that gesture, I remember, for it was low and it knocked over eight or ten wine bottles and other glassware.

In the momentary silence following the

crash, lifting a glass of champagne in the crowning glory of the compliment that was to end his speech, "I present you with a champagne drink to the United States of North America and its glorious President, Theodore Roosevelt!"

The applause lacked nothing in volume or duration. Gratified and snorting in triumph, the general sat down to lift an eyebrow in the general direction of a dozen of us gallant warriors who slid under the table so that the source of our laughter might remain a mystery.

This was before the razzberry era. Heaven help us if the Bronx cheer had been in vogue at that time!

But now, returning the general's compliment, our colonel nodded toward one of his officers, a gentleman who could speak copiously and with fair eloquence upon any subject at any given moment. Up he stood and on the instant another language was born, together with a flock of choice words never before seen in captivity. Our champion launched into a brief oration covering the past, present and future of France and America, the Entente Cordiale, Christmas in Many Lands, elephants piling teak, the wonders of Niagara, life in the Arctic and other assorted subjects.

Following this he cleared his throat, lifted a glass of champagne and invited the assemblage to join him in a toast to "El Presidente of the French Republic and les nobles gentlemen in the French Cabinet!" He threw his whole soul into the pronunciation of the last word and made of cabinet "cabin-yea," which as we all know is a convenient institution in France, the principal subject of "The Specialist" and a money-maker for Chic Sale.

In the resulting riot several of us escaped, to return to camp more or less shattered in the morale and other delicate spots, and fairly overflowing with Entente Cordiale.

"Hand me that bottle!"

"There you are . . . Here's to you, Old Fimer!"

Navy Undress Blues

(Continued from page 21)

walls of the executive office a pale blue with cold-water paint. Now cold-water paint is very thin and runs very easily, and as I reached the point where I was working on the ceiling, things became complicated. I had almost finished and was balancing myself on the top of the step-ladder, wearily stroking over my head at the ceiling. The accursed paint had been running down over the brush handle and down my arm,

past my arm-pit, until I could feel it around my waist. My hair, face and dungarees were plastered with thousands of light blue spots. I could scarcely see.

Suddenly the familiar voice of the Officer of the Day sounded from the doorway.

"What in the devil do you think you're doing? Look at my desk!"

I peered down through my paint-

fringed eyelashes at his desk below me. It was covered with a lot of navy paper work, now a sodden bluish mass.

"My!" I exclaimed, "it is a mess, isn't it? I'm awfully sorry. Don't sit in your chair until I mop up."

"Sorry!" he bellowed, "You quit right where you are! Haven't you ever seen a paint brush before?"

"Sir," I replied with dignity, "I am a

college graduate—and not in painting."
"Good God!" he exploded, staring at me.
Then, apparently even more exasperated,
he yelled, "Get out! Get out before I
throw you out."

WERE homeward bound at last, rolling and plunging through a January storm in the North Atlantic on an old liner with a large temporary sick-bay full of amputation cases from the Argonne. We also had a large contingent of Y.M.C.A. workers on board, a rather curious collection chiefly composed, apparently, of college professors. It had been amusing to watch them eternally pacing the decks and to catch snatches of very academic and animated discussions. But it stayed pretty dull, aft in the sick-bay, for the lads minus arms or legs who just now were recovering from gangrenous wounds received back in October.

I had been assigned to the diet detail; this sounds well, but it consisted mainly of staggering along wet, wind-swept and tilting decks with my arms loaded with chow or dirty dishes. On this particular day I. along with practically everybody else in the sick-bay, was sea-sick, and was just about able to drag around. Noon mess-call blew, so I made my way with great difficulty to the galley, where I was handed an enormous dish-pan full of beans. On the top of the beans reposed a particularly nastylooking piece of salt pork. On the way back, laden with this cheerful looking mess, the ship began to side-slip and buck worse than ever. My stomach began to go and a whiff from the pork and beans right under my nose finished it. With both hands full of the huge dish-pan, and with the deck slanting in all directions at once. I had no control whatsoever and I made a bull's-eye in the middle of the beans. It now, of course, became necessary to get rid of this particular chow.

I couldn't undertake to get back to the galley, so I decided to pitch the ruined banquet overboard. I went to the rail and emptied the dish-pan. In the confusion of the moment, I forgot all about windward and leeward and to my horror I watched some two or three gallons of beans, juice and pork fly aft and slightly inboard with terrific velocity, until the whole mass, staying strangely close together, smashed against a group of Y.M.C.A. men standing by the rail on the main deck below about one-hundred feet to the rear. I ducked back quickly, hastened to the galley and secured another pan full of beans. I spent an anxious hour waiting for the howl but never heard a murmur.

A few days later we sailed into New York harbor and, as we passed the Statue of Liberty to port, realizing that our work in the Navy was almost over, I broke out my copy of "The Bluejackets' Manual," issued to every sailor, and, turning to my favorite passage on page thirty-five read again that inspired adage, "Wooden ships with men of iron will defeat iron ships manned by wooden men."



The Goodyear margin of safety prevented this accident because Goodyears GRIP and STOP quicker! Tests show that smooth, worn tires skid 77% farther—and other makes of new tires skid 14 to 19% farther than the "G-3" All-Weather!

WE get a bit tired of all the "scare copy" that's crowding into print these days. Collisions, cars overturned, people hurt – just to sell you a tire.

So let's take a look at an accident that never occurred – because Goodyears stop your car quicker than any other tire – and keep their grip 43% longer.

Skids-not blowoutsthe real danger

The fact is, most "scare" advertising talks about blowouts, and yet only 4/10ths of one per cent of all automobile accidents are due to blowouts or punctures.

Five and a half times as many accidents are due to skidding — but tire-makers say very little about that, because their tires lack the sure-stopping grip in the center of the tread which you can see on Goodyears.

What "the Goodyear margin of safety" means

Look at the Goodyear pictured here—and you will see big, husky, sharp-edged blocks of rubber in the center of the tread—the spot that counts, because that's where the tire contacts the road.

Your own good judgment tells you that this center traction is important—and your judgment is verified by other car owners, who buy more Goodyear All-Weathers than any other tire in the world.

But you do not even need to trust this overwhelming proof of safety. 8,400 stopping tests, using all types of treads, showed that smooth tires skid 77% farther than Goodyears—that the Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather will stop a car quicker than any other tire tested against it.

And that's what we mean by "the Goodyear margin of safety"—it's the difference between the spot where you stop with Goodyears and the spot where you stop with other tires.

Of course, Goodyears give you protection as complete as it is possible to give from blowouts, by using patented Supertwist Cord in every ply—but remember, that skidding is the real peril.

Why tempt fate on slippery treads, when Goodyears cost no more—and when the spectacular new "G-3" All-Weather gives you a bonus of 43% longer non-skid mileage?



All Under One Roof

(Continued from page 29)

hotel where he is made to feel like cheap trade. At the same time, if we offer a three-fifty room to the man accustomed to spacious luxury, he may accept it and next time go elsewhere in search of better accommodations than he thinks we have available.

If lots of other people want what we have for sale, in other words if we are very busy, the average guest is easily satisfied. Last summer during the fair the lobby was always crowded with visitors awaiting rooms. If the first room available was considerably different from what the guest had counted on, he usually accepted it and seemed satisfied. When our volume of business fell to normal after the fair, we had each morning for several weeks almost as many requests for reassignment as we had experienced during the entire summer. Apparently the repressions of all summer were finding release. In early winter it was back to a good every-year average.

In RUSH periods the guests themselves make it almost impossible to apportion rooms to everybody's tastes. They reserve rooms by wire or letter, then when their plans are changed but one in a hundred troubles to notify the hotel. The other ninety-nine just let it slide. Yesterday we had 250 reservations; 600 guests registered, including all but a dozen of the reservations. Today we had 450 reservations; the total registration for the day is 300 incoming guests. If you are a mathematician, you might work on that one and try to make a formula to fit it.

Perhaps we should not grumble when travelers forget to release their reservations, for they forget everything else under the sun. Can you, for example, imagine anybody forgetting his false teeth and leaving town without them? Guests of one large Chicago hotel leave their store teeth on the average of one a month, then wire frantically for them. Sometimes the hotel can give excellent service. A man checked out and wired from the train a couple of hours later. The hotel air-mailed the teeth, next morning he ate breakfast with them at his Kansas City hotel. He wrote a grateful letter explaining that he had not missed them until he sat down to a big dinner on the westbound dining car and discovered he had nothing with which to chew his sirlion steak. As a matter of fact, he was a lot more impressed with the occurrence than the hotel was.

And a bass drum. Yes sir, during the Legion convention a musician left a bass drum in his room, and it took several weeks to find him and deliver the instrument. We still have left over from the national convention a Legion uniform coat which has not yet been traced despite a letter to the New York State post shown by the insignia. Hats are a commonplace in the lost-and-found room—several of them are frequently

found in one room when the occupant checks out. This is always in moderate weather. A gang gathers in a room, celebrates a bit, decides to see the town. They forget their hats, and by the time they return at dawn have lost all track of them. Next morning they all buy new hats. When their former host goes home he moves out leaving an assortment of hats on the closet shelf. They are never claimed, and the hotel has no way to trace them. We are expecting fewer of these wholesale hat abandonments now that prohibition repeal has put room drinking on the skids.

Razors and razor strops are left by the hundreds every year. Seldom does a strop remain unclaimed, since every man apparently attributes sovereign virtues to his own bit of leather. Old-fashioned, or cutthroat razors are generally requested within a day or two, often by wire. One man on his way to Europe checked out in a rush, forgetting his toilet kit. He wired us to airmail his razor to New York and send everything else to his home. Safety razors must have less personality, for only the most expensive models of these are usually claimed.

A list of the things guests forget would fill this entire magazine. Wearing apparel, from night clothes to evening clothes. Diamond rings-we return thousands of dollars worth of jewelry every week. One guest left an army Springfield, another an officer's dress sword. An unsolved mystery is the crutch left standing in a corner of a bedroom; how did its owner navigate without it? Another temporary mystery was the guest who left behind two hedgetrimming shears and a sickle. How, we speculated, had he been using these in the heart of the Loop? When he wrote asking their return, he explained he had been preparing an exhibit at a garden show.

Cheap umbrellas and cheap canes are intentionally left. At one time a woman gathered up the canes from all the Chicago hotels and distributed them at veterans hospitals, but she ceased coming around and other hotels also lost track of her. Now the canes are regretfully bundled up with the other 50,000 packages we have each year—a package contains everything left in the room unclaimed—and the lot sold to a junk dealer who sorts and resells it to pushcart peddlers, chiefly from the ghetto.

AT THE other extreme from these careless guests, but united to them by a common bond of forgetfulness, are the few suspicious folks who are unduly willing to believe that hotel employes are dishonest. Our employes who have access to guests' rooms could not be more carefully selected if they handled the hotel's own cash, and most of them have been on the payroll for years. The maid who has been honest for five years does not suddenly make off with some trinket, some sum of money carelessly left

in the room, or a quart of liquor. Yet they are frequently accused of stealing these and other valuables. Usually, thank heaven, the accusers have to eat their words.

Last week a man reported the loss of \$150 left on the dresser while he was at breakfast. Fortunately the floor supervisor had entered the room with the maid, and neither had seen the money. Two days later came a letter of abject apology. "I had put the money in a pocket I never use, and never thought to look there. My wife found the money when she was getting ready to send the suit to the dry cleaner."

SHORTLY before this a house officer was summoned by a woman who found the maid in her room when she and her mother came from breakfast, and at the same time missed a diamond ring. Her story had its defects, and finally the officer asked, "Is there anybody at your home whom I can reach by telephone right now?"

"Why yes, father won't have left for the office yet."

"All right," declared the officer, "I'll call him long-distance and ask him to look for that ring. If he finds it, you pay for the call. If he doesn't, I pay for it." And without further ado he put in the call.

The father, 200 miles away, did not even listen to the full explanation. He interrupted with, "Is that damned absentminded, suspicious daughter of mine claiming somebody stole her ring again? You tell her it's in my pants pocket. I picked it up on the dining room table half an hour after she started for Chicago. You tell her exactly what I said. Don't you leave out any words to spare her feelings!" And he banged down the receiver.

Even more travelers get into trouble, however, because they are not suspicious enough of strangers. This, in fact, is the chief reason why careful hotels must maintain sizeable, competent forces of house officers. Playwrights and novelists have made people believe that the hotel detective is a numbskull who spends all his time peeking through keyholes-whereas he is paid to protect the guests, and in a big hotel is usually an able man. Last year our chief officer, who came to us from the United States Treasury service, recognized a suspicious individual heading for the elevators and had him tailed. Then the officer followed along and found a bigmoney poker game in a bedroom.

The guest whose room it was was indignant at the interruption. But he soon divulged that his three fellow players were train acquaintances of one-day standing, that he lost \$500 on the train where he met them and already had lost \$75 that evening. "They are one of the slickest card gangs in the country," the detective told him. "That's why I came up. Now boys, just pay back every cent you took from this gentleman. That's right, \$575. Now

get out and stay away from this hotel, for you'll go to court next time you stick your noses in the door." He accompanied the grateful guest to a safe deposit box where he left the bankroll, then went along about his other affairs. Incidentally, the guest was a substantial eastern business man; he told his friends and the story has brought the hotel a good deal of custom. Not every traveler rescued from the big-city wolves reacts the same way. Some of them never come back, perhaps because they prefer not to be reminded of their folly by seeing the men who saved them from it.

While we are on the subject of hotel policing, most people misunderstand the zeal of a good hotel in keeping out sex immorality. The management is interested not one-half so much in the guests' morals as in safeguarding their lives and property. The number of people in a well-run hotel who would infringe moral standards is at most a tiny decimal of one percent. But where infractions are overlooked, undesirable women are attracted. In their train are always men of the lowest class. Presently robbery or even murder occurs, as everybody has seen in carelessly operated houses. Therefore a high-class hotel is extremely careful about sex morality as a protection to all of its guests.

Two banes of American hotels are souvenir hunters and the unintentional vandals. These cost a hotel so heavily that their depredations must be added to the rates. For instance, a banquet guest was being helped into his overcoat. A large silver vase, prominently marked with the hotel's initial, tumbled to the floor from beneath his vest. He merely laughed without embarrassment when the checkroom girl picked it up and put it beyond his reach. Considered in bald terms, he had been caught trying to steal ten dollars' worth of hotel property. Again, last December the new bar was rashly equipped with silver ash trays at \$3.50 and silver cruets at \$7.50. When the bar closed that first night, every tray and cruet was gone. In self-defense the hotel replaced the silver with cheap, unattractive stuff not at all in harmony with the room's elaborate decorations, for people will not steal junk.

In a public room was a priceless large oriental rug, a real museum piece which came from the Potter Palmer home on the Lake Shore Drive. Cigarettes and cigars were carelessly dropped on it by so many hundreds of unthinking guests that it had to be removed and stored. Another art treasure from the same source is a pair of antique marble busts in wall niches outside a large banquet hall, about seven feet above the floor. Recently an exhilarated guest with the build of Sandow waggishly lifted one down-they weigh 300 pounds apiece and four men are required whenever they have to be moved. He tucked it under one arm and started across the way to present it to the checkroom girl. Alas, it slipped before he got there. Not only was the statue damaged, but also the impact broke a hole in (Continued on page 46)

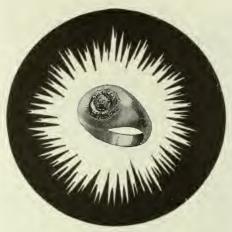


You may not agree with the umpire on balls and strikes, but you'll agree that MODEL is a home run in smoking satisfaction. You can't beat MODEL for giving a money's worth at 10 cents. In pouch or tin, we believe it's the best smoking tobacco that you can buy anywhere for 10 cents. Try it.

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TUNE IN YOUR FRIDAY
PICK AND PAT — COMEDIANS
PICK AND PAT — Fri. 9,30 p.m. E.D.T.
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TUNE IN PIPE TODAY



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Designed with infinite care and executed with the utmost precision, this beautiful American Legion ring is priced surprisingly low. The sterling (solid) silver mounting carries a 10-K solid gold American Legion emblem beautifully enameled in colors. A distinctly out-of-the-ordinary ring, which you will thoroughly enjoy owning. In ordering, use the convenient ring gauge and order blank below.

The AL-65 Sterling Silver Ring described above is typical of the many outstanding values featured in the 1934 Legion catalogue. Write for your copy today—it's free to Legionnaires and with no obligation.

N.B.—Cut a slip of paper which will fit snugly around the second joint of your ring finger. This must be done accurately to insure proper fit. Lay the paper with one end exactly on line "A" and other end will indicate correct ring size.



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Emblem Division, The American Legion 777 North Meridian, Indianapolis, Ind.
Here is my \$3.00 for one of those beautifus sterling silver Legion rings.
Ship my ring C.O.D. I will pay postman \$3.00 plus small collection charge.
Check here for your copy of the 1934 catalogue.
My ring size is
NAME
STREET
CITY

All Under One Roof

(Continued from page 45)

the tiled floor. The prank cost \$600, paid by the association giving the banquet. We only hope they collect it back from their playful Hercules.

When The American Legion Convention came to Chicago, hotel people were warned they were in for trouble. Enough of the personnel of most Chicago hotels are Legionnaires so that they doubted it. They saw no reason why Legionnaires in bulk should behave less responsibly than the thousands of Legionnaires who regularly stay with them at other times. Moreover, hotel men have long since learned that by expecting misbehavior they can be sure of getting it. So instead of taking furniture out of the lobby and carting small articles from bedrooms, many of the hotels left things as they were and took the crowd in its stride.

Exactly as expected, there was little trouble. Three blankets dropped out of windows by merrymakers was the sum total of grief at the hotel which took the least precautions—and two of these blankets were promptly brought back into the

hotel by the Legionnaires they had landed upon.

The sole bit of vandalism attempted was in the lobby late one night. Three Service Committee members and a house officer jumped the man before he could break the small table he had picked up. They proved he was not a Legionnaire, had stolen the cap he wore, and next day he got \$200 and costs for disorderly conduct. There was no other trouble in that hotel.

Never have we handled so good-natured a crowd, or one so averse to sleep. Every hour of day and night saw the lobby crowded. You, snoring peacefully twenty floors above, probably did not suspect that every morning about 3 o'clock someone or other started singing in the lobby, presently gathering a large chorus which chanted Hink-Dinky and other gems until daylight. Along toward 6 A.M. the impromptu chorus usually got drowsy and stumbled up to bed, meeting in the hallways the earnest committeemen who were just starting out for a before-breakfast caucus

How the German Veteran Is Faring

(Continued from page 11)

veterans, pensions for widows and support for war orphans that will enable them to get the best educational advantages. But not less important is its social and recreational program for the members. This includes athletics, which are coming to be more and more a feature in the new Germany. Witness the fine new stadium recently erected in Nuremberg, and others now being built by the "Unemployed Army" in several cities along the Rhine. The Germans have never played ball in the way Americans and the English have; but the young generation in Germany is pretty generally "football conscious," and there's a very vigorous interest in running and jumping and gymnastics. All of which is having its effect on the German figure, male and female. The old beer barrel formation bristling with mustaches cut after the fashion made famous by Kaiser Wilhelm, that the cartoonists used to draw to represent Germany, went out with the goose-step. The years of monetary inflation deflated the beer barrels; the barbers took a look at Hitler and began to carve Germany's upper lips to resemble Charlie Chaplin's, and veterans of the field gray and the goosestep put on khaki breeches, got out on the roads and hiked, and learned the Nazi

The real life of the local posts is in the Kameradschaftabends. They aren't for men only, those "Get-Together Evenings."

Mrs. Fritz and Mrs. Hans and the children come along mit. It's one big family party of the sort the Germans are so crazy about,

held at a beer garden or a coffee house, with plenty of beer and plenty of coffee. Plenty of smokes for the men. None for the women, however. Since Germany went Nazi, cigarettes and lip-sticks and votes for women have been "out." For something to do there's music furnished by the post members, and dancing. No poker, no bridge. Checkers and dominoes and chess for the few—and they are very few—who don't dance. And as the evening gets under way, and everybody gets warmed up, singing.

And do they sing? Boy, you should hear them! None of the German versions of that ballad concerning a young miss from Armentières; not trench songs, except the old popular favorites that went to the front in 1914 and stayed there until the Retreat in November '18, and which are the same songs the grandfathers of these veterans sang when they fought the French in 1870. Probably they were sung by the Hessians who came over and fought us in 1776. Maybe Frederick Barbarossa sang them in his time. Yes, all the sentimental old ones about the green, green hemlock tree, and the red, red rose on the heath; about the King of the Elves and the pretty little girl under the linden who isn't stingy with her kisses. And at the end of the evening, inevitably, Die Wacht am Rhein.

No Kameradschaftabend is complete without that one. It's the song that brings back to the German war veteran the days when he was encamped on the Meuse, or along the Moselle back in '14 and '15, when the trenches were cut zig-zag through the vineyards, and if a singer had a thirst, he could quench it without having to pay for the privilege. They sing it and then they begin to reminisce. Not all sordid, grim, blood-stained reminiscences, by any means. Not any more so than are the "Say, do you remember—" stories that one hears at Legion conventions. One of these stories, told me by an ex-navy man, established at least as far as he has been able to discover, what and when and where was the first actual engagement between Germany and the Allies.

My informant was at that time serving his seaman's apprenticeship on board a sailing ship bound for Caleta Buena, Chile, to load nitrates. Lying in the same port and taking on the same sort of cargo were two English vessels, a French ship, and a Belgian windjammer. All through the days of that last week of July '14, the crews of the five vessels stored the sacks of high explosive in the holds. And day by day the telegraph brought news of momentous events piling up in Europe that were going to make those cargoes mighty important. On Tuesday, July 28th, Austria declared war on Serbia. On Wednesday, all the world including the nitrate loaders in Caleta Buena, debated what effect this would have on the already jittery peace of Europe. On Thursday it became known that Russia was mobilizing.

What would Germany do? What would France do? What, in the event of a continental war, would England do? Friday the German emperor forwarded ultimatums to Russia and to France. The telegraph in Caleta Buena ticked off news of this, and each ship's commander smelling trouble in his whiskers like a cat, decided for himself not to pay off that night, but to keep his crew at work over Saturday in the hope of clearing his ship before all hell broke loose. On Saturday, August first, at five P.M. Germany ordered the mobilization of the entire army and navy. This automatically included the officers and crew of the nitrate ships. It was early noon in Caleta Buena when the news arrived; by the clock, six hours before the order was signed in Berlin. Before four o'clock all the men on all the ships had been paid, and all but those on watch had gone ashore. Caleta Buena doesn't offer much amusement.

As the German naval veteran remembered the town, it had two saloons. One of these was promptly taken over by the crew of the German ship; the other was crowded with the French seamen, the Belgians, and the English, who quite unofficially threw in their lot with the "allies." Things began to get going. Over in the German saloon a sailor discovered an accordion and began to play Die Wacht am Rhein. From across the street a chorus, not too well harmonized, answered with the Marseillaise. Whether it was the German's musical or national sense that suffered the more acutely, my friend didn't know. He only remembered that the Germans issued forth from the (Continued on page 48)

America's fastest-selling straight Whiskey



M-m-m! I certainly wish we could afford to serve a good straight bourbon like this!



Don't be silly! You'd be surprised how reasonable this Crab Orchard is.



Seems like everybody's buying Crab Orchard. It's our biggest seller—a quality whiskey at a sensible price.



Crab Orchard is made the timehonored Kentucky way—not artificially aged. Bottled from the barrel—it's a genuine Bourbon and nothing else! Fine flavor, high quality has made it America's fastest-selling straight whiskey—which explains why it can be priced so low! Accept no substitutes!

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STRAIGHT
KENTUCKY WHISKEY
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Straight as a string

How the German Veteran is Faring

(Continued from page 47)

saloon led by the accordion player, and marched Caleta Buena's one street in as good parade formation as sailors who have just drunk a week's pay could manage. The door of the other cafe burst open and the newly organized Allies rushed out and fell upon the Germans.

The war had begun. Begun in Caleta Buena, Chile, at the moment that Germany was mobilizing and at least four hours before German troops crossed the French frontier. Begun two days before Belgium was invaded, and while England was still debating what stand to take. And, begun, the German veteran reminded me gravely, though I caught a twinkle in the eyes behind the thick glasses, not by the Germans, who after all, were having nothing but a happy little Kameradschaftabend with music, but by the French, who, everyone knows, have no musical taste; by the Belgians who have always carried a chip on the shoulder; and by the English, who had long been jealous of Germany's sea strength.

That, anyway, was his story.

THE Berlin headquarters of the Versorgung is Albert Leo Schlageter Haus, newly opened and dedicated a year ago on Hitler's birthday, and named in honor of the German war veteran who was shot by French command at Düsseldorf in May, 1923. Schlageter is on the way to becoming a national hero. A play has been written around him which is played to packed, enthusiastic houses in all parts of Germany.

He has been chosen by the veterans' association as typical of the spirit the association desires to commemorate and encourage. He served at the front through the four years of the war, during the November revolution after the Armistice he kept command of his battery; later he was active in the fighting in Upper Silesia and Danzig, and finally he resisted the French occupation of the Ruhr, where he met his death.

From a stand before the house, I, as a guest of the editor of the Versorgung Monthly and the representative of The American Legion Monthly, was privileged to review detachments from the Berlin posts who paraded in honor of fifty Austrian war orphans, wards of the Versorgung. The children had been on vacation at a summer camp on the shore of the Baltic maintained by the war veterans. They were returning, by bus, to the orphanage near Salzburg, Austria. As part of their holiday they were taking in Berlin en route. The day's program included a sightseeing ride, a visit to Albert Leo Schlageter Haus, a reception by the Berlin posts, and later a visit to the national War memorial on Unter den Linden.

The children looked happy and healthy. They looked quite properly impressed by the impressiveness of Berlin, and a little bored by the speeches. But they woke up when the band began to play and joined in the singing of patriotic songs, and replied with the straight out from the shoulder Nazi salute as the massed colors of the

posts went by the stand, followed by squads of war veterans, and twenty or more wounded in self propelled wheel chairs.

I thought of Memorial Day and Armistice Day parades back home; of men who leave their jobs to put on old, worn uniforms and march to the war memorial or to the cemetery; of the local post's bugler. who never was very good and who is getting worse for lack of wind and a touch of gas, but who manages to sound Taps on those two occasions each year, and then hurries back to his plumber's shop, where trade isn't any too good these days. These German veterans under their brown shirts were pretty much the same sort of fellows. They'd left their stores and offices for an hour and a half that morning. Why? Just to impress fifty small children? I didn't think so. What they were showing those children, and incidentally, me who had once been "the enemy," was the simple feeling that is shared by all human beings, that a man owes a loyalty to the land of his birth and his citizenship which it should be his pride to fulfill when that country calls on him.

That there is in this loyalty, even when it costs as heavily as it had cost the fathers of the children, something nobler than money getting or worldly success, that it is good for the world, now and again, to stop its work and acknowledge this, and, above all, that a comradeship forged by such service is permanent and inclusive, and truly democratic. It may even extend to those who were once "the enemy."

The Core of Our Preparedness

(Continued from page 23)

mechanics of that trade, now so greatly depressed.

Several of our arsenals have won a place in history or literature. John Brown's raid immortalized the arsenal at Harper's Ferry whose active career closed after the Civil War. The Confederacy's captures of the Federal arsenals and their stores of arms within the borders of the seceded States were military events of importance. The burnished stacks of arms in Springfield Armory inspired Longfellow's poem comparing them to a huge organ.

Otherwise the general public is little acquainted with the arsenals, though each can boast of traditions and achievements. The average World War infantryman may recall Springfield Armory, for instance, as a place which caused him considerable trouble in removing the thick coating of cosmoline grease with which it coated its rifles

The scientific world, however, recognizes the arsenals for the research dis-

coveries, inventions, and development of industrial processes developed in their laboratories. Among these accomplishments may be mentioned the use of X-ray for the examination of castings; the substitution of welding for riveting; machinery for the salvage of deteriorated ammunition, and various other economies in manufacture, repair and overhaul. These developments, as has already been mentioned, have been placed at the service of industry and have proved of value.

The flint caps, grape shot, quick matches and musketoons of yore have in the evolution of munitions become the machine guns, tanks and aerial bombs, which are among the chief arsenal products of today. Yet such manufactures do not begin to indicate the scope of the arsenals' work which ranges from heavy artillery to fire control instruments in the construction of which great precision is required. Supplies are made not only for the Army but for other Government departments, such as boundary marker signs for the Depart-

ment of the Interior. Munitions manufactured by the Navy at Washington Navy Yard, its only gun factory, and at its other shipyards are supplemented by products of the Army arsenals.

As employers of civilian labor, the arsenals are of importance to the communities in which they are situated. Except for Army officers, in the capacity of superintendents and specialists, and several companies of Ordnance troops, the personnel is entirely civilian. Classes of labor include foremen, clerks, machinists, toolmakers, instrument makers, lens grinders, jewelers, watchmakers, carpenters, pattern makers, painters, molders, furnace men, machine operators, adjustors and engravers, checkers, inspectors, helpers, oilers and janitors. Pride of workmanship is characteristic of the permanent employes. Something of the old guild spirit exists, for in some families of arsenal workers the occupation has been passed down through three generations. On these skilled workmen is based the expansion necessitated by sudden emergencies. The World War raised the number of persons employed at Watertown Arsenal from 937 to 5,044, and large increases were the case at other stations also.

Following is a list of the present stations of the Ordnance Department. There are six manufacturing arsenals. Repair, overhaul, storage and tests of material are the main functions of the other stations.

Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.; Augusta Arsenal, Augusta, Ga.; Benicia Arsenal, Benicia, Calif.; Charleston Ordnance Depot, Charleston, S. C.; Curtis Bay Ordnance Depot, Curtis Bay, Md.; Delaware Ordnance Depot, Pedricktown, N. J.; Erie Ordnance Depot, LaCarne, Ohio; *Frankford Arsenal, Philadelphia, Pa.; Nansemond Ordnance Depot, Portsmouth, Va.; Ogden Ordnance Depot, Ogden, Utah; *Picatinny Arsenal, Dover, N. J.; Raritan Arsenal, Metuchen, N. J.; *Rock Island Arsenal, Rock Island, Ill.; San Antonio Arsenal, San Antonio, Texas; Savanna Ordnance Depot, Savanna, Ill.; *Springfield Armory, Springfield, Mass.; *Watertown Arsenal, Watertown, Mass.; *Watervliet Arsenal, Watervliet, N. Y.; Wingate Ordnance Depot, Fort Wingate, N. M.; Hawaiian Ordnance Depot, Honolulu, T. H.; Panama Ordnance Depot, Corozal, C. Z.; Philippine Ordnance Depot. Manila, P. I.

Veterans, especially supply sergeants, may recall the stamps of our manufacturing arsenals on issues of arms and equipment.

Frankford Arsenal, established in 1815, is in Philadelphia. Riots in that city once menaced it and a company of artillery was summoned to defend it. Small arms and cannon ammunition have been made there continuously. In the last war it manufactured stores to the value of \$40,000,000, employing 6,110 persons at the height of its activity. The cannon sights and quadrants and other fire control instruments, in which this plant specializes, are precisely and accurately fabricated by skilled mechanics. They take pride in their work, as do the contractors furnishing raw material in fulfilling specifications exactly. Here have been developed sound locators and star gauges for rifles and cannon. An employe at Frankford invented a machine to break up deteriorated ammunition, which is then sold as scrap, with consequent returns to the Treasury.

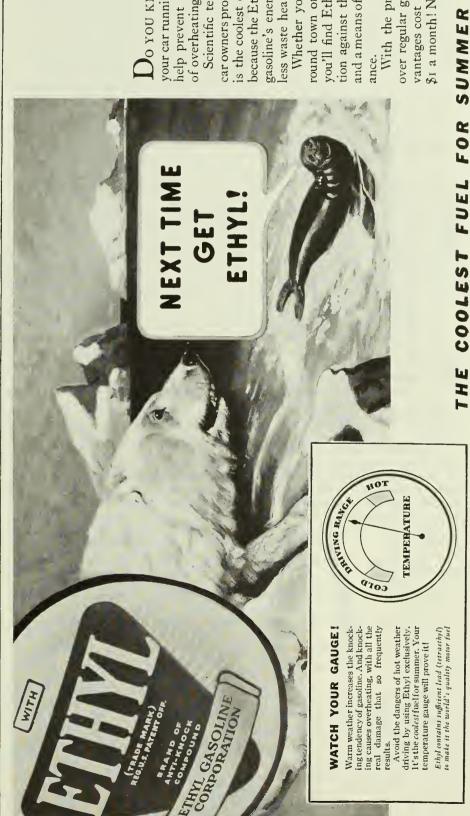
Rock Island Arsenal is located on an island so named in the Mississippi River, near the cities of Rock Island and Moline, Illinois, and Davenport, Iowa. On its site formerly stood the frontier post of Fort Armstrong. By 1867 the stone shops of the arsenal had been completed and development began of water power, now utilized through a dam and hydro-electric plant. The cycle of Rock Island manufacture has shown such varied munitions as gun carriages, belts, cartridge belts, haversacks, saddles and bridles, knives, forks and (Continued on page 50) spoons, meat

JO YOU KNOW that Ethyl will keep your car running cooler this summer and help prevent the danger and damage of overheating?

Scientific tests and the experience of gasoline's energy into power and sends car owners prove conclusively that Ethy because the Ethyl fluid turns more of th s the coolest of all motor fuels. That

less waste heat into the cooling system. Whether you are "taxi-ing" your car round town or pushing it on long trips, tion against the hazards of hot weather and a means of better all-round performyou'll find Ethyl an economical protec-

With the price now only 2¢ a gallon over regular gasoline, Ethyl's extra vantages cost less, on the average,



REMEMBER THE FUN you got out of the WALLY cartoons in the A.E.F. Stars & Stripes back during the war!!?—



And then when they were printed in a paper bound book you bought thousands of them and sent them home for souvenirs.



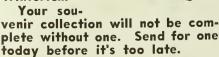
But they were fragile—economically printed—and couldn't stand handling. Most of them have long since fallen apart—or are so dilapidated a few more perusals will wreck them completely.

Last year in response to many requests a new edition was published.

Instead of the original long, loose, and floppy book, so hard to handle—the new edition has been printed in a convenient size containing all the WALLY cartoons that appeared in The Stars & Stripes in

THE A.E.F. IN

France.
This is the only complete edition with rollicking forewords by Alexander Woollcott and John T. Winterich.



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Please send me one book of WALLY'S cartoons for the \$1.50 enclosed.
NAME ADDRESS
TOWN STATE

The Core of Our Preparedness

(Continued from page 49)

cans, tin cups, bayonet, saber and bolo scabbards and marksmanship medals. Great expansion took place in both the Spanish-American and World Wars. Since the latter the arsenal has been active in tank and amored car development and manufacture. A school of ordnance design and an ordnance training company are established at Rock Island.

Watervliet Arsenal, Watervliet, New York, dates from 1813. The Mexican and subsequent wars heightened its activities. Symbolic of its chief product, artillery pieces, is the British cannon which is an ornament on its grounds. It is called the Lafayette gun. The Marquis, during a visit in 1824, was shown this piece and recognized it from a dent made by an American projectile, as a cannon whose capture he had witnessed at Yorktown. Cannon in the early days were procured from private foundries. Watervliet began making them in 1887, producing seacoast guns and pieces of smaller calibre.

Picatinny Arsenal, near Dover, New Jersey, was established in 1879. Its powder factory began operation in 1907. At Picatinny all the components of ammunition are made and the rounds loaded and assembled. A school of instruction in chemistry, explosives and ballistics is conducted here; the value of its training was proved conclusively during the World War. Artillery ammunition is developed and designed, and exhaustive tests are carried out. These include even a jolt and jumble test for ammunition packing boxes to try their

tin cups, bayonet, saber and strength. Research experiments at Picascabbards and marksmanship tinny are working toward that ideal powders der which shall be not only smokeless, but he Spanish-American and World flashless and noiseless.

Established in 1816, Watertown Arsenal, Watertown, Massachusetts, has like the others been periodically expanded. It was equipped for the manufacture of armorpiercing projectiles in 1913 and the next year installed an 800-ton gun forging press. Additional facilities given it in the World War included a seacoast erecting shop, a mobile carriage shop, a gun forging plant and a steel foundry. The manufacture of 3-inch anti-aircraft and 240 mm. howitzer carriages was undertaken. The Ordnance Department's metallurgical laboratory is located at Watertown.

Muskets and rifles have been associated with Springfield Armory since Washington chose its site in 1789. Production of the present Springfield rifle began in 1903. Various other types of small arms are in this arsenal's repertoire, as is overhaul and repair. Five thousand people worked in this plant at high speed during the war.

The sight of Springfield Armory's gun racks will always prompt the quotation of Longfellow's famous poem, "From floor to ceiling,

"Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms."

The organ-like stacks of arms are again silent in peace, as when the poet penned his lines. It is the availability of those arms which helps to preserve and protect our peace in a troubled world.

Youth Must Choose

(Continued from page 15)

The Epworth Herald, a Journal for Youth, has in its issue of March 3, 1934, a very remarkable list of suggestions for youth to consider. Legionnaires are more or less familiar with these treasonable proposals, as they were quoted in the Voice of the Legion in the June issue of the Monthly, but they will bear repeating. The author offers four choices instead of the old two: viz., fight or refuse.

First: Accept the draft, be cannon fodder, or beat the enemy to the slaughter.

Second: Be a Conscientious Objector. Third: Stay out of jail, accept the draft, drill, go to camp, battlefield, munitions plant or transportation work—"but sabotage war preparations and war. Be agitators for sabotage. Down tools when the order is to make and load munitions. Spoil war materials and machinery."

Fourth: Begin your sabotage now and help wreck the existing economic system; destroy selfish capitalism, so as to build a beautiful new world where all people are "set free forever from poverty and given a chance at culture, beauty and spirituality."

There is more of this amazing article; but I have quoted enough, both to show what red meat is being fed to young pacifists, and to shock even, I think, such fiends in human form as may have joined the National Guard, kept their memberships in The American Legion, or perhaps even gone down into the pit of a training camp.

In this article mention is made of the strong tide in the Methodist Church toward the refusal to bear arms. There is high praise for the young men who have forfeited their college courses rather than drill, and praise for the Oxford Union in Great Britain, which has publicly stated that it will not defend either king or country.

It must, of course, be understood, that these pacifists do not represent all their fellow sectarians. The Methodist General Conference at Evanston, Illinois, May 14th-16th, adopted a platform declaring that "war is sin" and "no Christian should engage in any war for any purpose or give his sanction or approval. This means that a Christian should refuse membership in any military organization whose purpose is

the training of men to kill their fellow men or propaganda in support of the idea of military preparedness."

This action, of course, meets with the strong disapproval of many sincere Methodists. In a recent poll of 21,000 Protestant and Jewish clergymen, 4,638 refused to join the "renunciation of war."

One Congregational minister ridicules the idea of never crossing the border to attack an enemy. He calls it "the golden rule in negative form, and even that much goes up in smoke on one side of the border . . . and a little added study of military tactics would reveal the necessity of flexible boundary lines even for defense."

There are, of course, all sorts of views among the clergy; but very few of them fail to join the movement to abolish the R. O. T. C. in all the schools and colleges. Everywhere this attack is succeeding.

The pacifist agitation is strong in many other countries, though in Germany and Italy it is suppressed by rigid censorship. Nowhere is it stronger than in England, whence comes Beverly Nichols' "Cry Havoc!" which has been called "a terrible, a literally frightful book." This blithe young wit of the drawing rooms has suddenly changed into the fiercest of zealots. He paints horrifying pictures of the future and excoriates the ghastly business of the munitions factories. He says, "My pacifism in no longer passivism." He admits that "an out-and-out pacifist is therefore, ipso facto, an anarchist." He says that his book is "not a book at all-it is only a series of agonized plunges into a forest of problems which bristles with poisoned thorns."

Yet, at the end of his book, Beverly Nichols writes a letter to one of those young Oxford Union men who made a solemn pledge "under no circumstances to fight for any ruler or any country" and though he expresses his sympathy for the young men, he admits that he himself "in certain circumstances would fight in an international cause, under some commander appointed by the League of Nations."

With the hideous and humorous phases of war as he describes them, everybody will agree, as with the fine phrases in E. B. Copeland's recent book, "Natural Conduct." Thus:

"War is just now the most perfected and futile of human arts. It is more fundamentally ruinous than ever before . . . Still nations will go to war when they think it expedient."

There's the rub! War is as unreasonable and cruel as earthquakes, tidal waves and plagues. It is death on a rampage. But the pacifist's methods of preventing it are as futile as the savage's charms against the volcano and the black fever.

In England, in May, a group of clergymen made another gesture against war. They are members of the Clergy Pensions Institute, the funds of which include \$50,000 worth of stock in the biggest munitions factory in England, Vickers, Ltd. The Institute (Continued on page 52)



HERE'S YOUR BLUE RIBBON

SHE'S a Blue Ribbon girl, vital and vibrant, smart and spirited—a winner on every count. She deserves the best of everything, and she gets the best of beers in Pabst Blue Ribbon. Because Pabst Blue Ribbon is also superlative by every test. It's the nation's standing order because it stands for Blue Ribbon excellence in beer character and quality.



Youth Must Choose

(Continued from page 51)

has owned this stock for forty years, and the stock has paid good dividends, which have gone to the support of good Bishops and lesser clerics. Now the directors of the Institute want to sell their stock for something less un-Christian than a munitions plant. They do not intend to burn the tainted stock, and they note with regret that it is paying better dividends than more peaceful industries. But they will no longer profit by such evil funds.

SPEAKING of munitions plants brings us to the recent stench aroused by several investigations of their practices. Apparently the spirit of the Internationale has been working better among the munitions makers than anywhere else. They seem to have drawn no narrow national lines in their partnerships, and to have shown a rare lack of prejudice in speeding up the sale of their wares to any country whether or not it might be hostile to the directors' own nation.

The disclosures have sickened everybody but the pacifists. They have lapped it up like cream and fattened on it. To them it is the final proof that we must put an end to munitions and every other form of preparedness for war, from children's tin soldiers to the vicious purposes of the R. O. T. C.

That human beings will do almost anything for money is not news. It is merely another cause for the old Human Nature Blues. The cure forthemisstill to be found.

The milk of human kindness is thin and blue and hard to extract. And speaking of milk, don't the revelations concerning munitions makers remind you of the constant revelations concerning dealers in milk? It is almost impossible to protect babies, invalids and others from diluted, soured, contaminated or diseased milk. Yet who says that we must therefore quit drinking milk?

Perhaps the most popular American novel among foreigners is Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," which described the methods of our gigantic meat-industry in such appetizing terms as to drive our population a generation ago almost to vegetarianism. Foreigners love that novel because it shows them just how loathsome we Americans are. The only thing, perhaps, that kept our nation from going vegetarian was the exposure from time to time of the horrors of vegetable growers and dealers; for, every now and then, a family is wiped out in agony as a result of a bit of arsenic spray. Every now and then a community is decimated by a typhoid epidemic from too much manure in the garden truck or too many microbes in the local water supply. Every now and then a city is found guilty of concealing the ravages of some plague whose advertisement might lower real estate values or injure local business. There was that amoeba business-but we'd better not go into it.

Yet not a single pacifist comes out in a clarion call for humanity to quit eating meat and vegetables and swear off on drinking milk and water.

Lord help us, we can't even trust the liquor-distillers or distributors, the wine-makers, the brewers or the saloon keepers!

Whom can we trust?

Bert Williams, the gloomy, ebony comedian used to have the answer:

"Nobody!"

Hideous as war is, is it after all much different from peace except in being quicker, and in some ways cleaner, less selfish, more picturesque?

It was not really necessary to show up the munitions-makers. Anyone who knows anything of human history or human nature would assume without demonstration that there was crookedness in that field. Why should one assume that the munitions-makers of all people would be superior to temptation?

While the clergy have been combining by the thousand, the college presidents have not been idle. There are far fewer of them, but on May 17th over one hundred in convention at Oberlin signed a letter to President Roosevelt, containing provisions which "they consider a practical working plan to keep the world out of war." They save the plan from complete futility by adding certain recommendations for action in case the world should fail to be kept out of war.

HEY foresee the outbreak of conflict in LEurope or Asia and they want to keep us free of it. They describe the various happenings that drag the most unwilling neutrals into conflicts. They call for immediate legislation to keep this country clear, "so far as is humanly possible." They propose a series of acts. (1) To empower the President to declare a complete embargo on all trade between this nation and any belligerent, since an embargo on munitions alone may let through cotton for uniforms, raw materials, tools, foods. (2) An act forbidding the flotation of bonds of belligerents, and all private lending to them. (3) An act requiring the President in case we become involved in war to take immediate control and operation of all businesses concerned in the manufacture or transportation or sale of materials of every description used in the prosecution of war, and to pay the owners not more than six percent. (4) An act prohibiting the use of our armed forces for the collection of any foreign debts or for the protection of American lives or property abroad. (5) The immediate adherence of the United States to the World Court without reservations, submission to the Court of any dispute likely to lead to war, and complete obedience to any of its decisions. (6) and (7) Full membership in the League of Nations. (8) An act prohibiting the manufacture or purchase or sale of firearms and

ammunition of every description within or without the United States, except by the Federal Government or under its license and complete control.

There is a pathetic feeling in this document that all you have to do to stop an evil is to pass a law against it. Experience shows that as a rule when you pass a law against anything you merely add a new evil to it, and furnish another opening for corruption. Furthermore, when war breaks out the first thing done is to revoke old laws and make new ones, not to mention the ancient proverb "During wars the laws are silent."

YET there are many things in this recommendation that will appeal to the least pacifistic minds. The American Legion has for years been working on a plan of universal conscription for industry as well as men. It is the dream of the most militaristic believers in preparedness, and it would end the shame of profiteering.

But what is the use of demanding our entrance into the World Court and the League of Nations when the people have repeatedly shown such gigantic opposition to such a step? Woodrow Wilson wrecked himself on the granite cliffs of American refusal and when Governor Cox ran for President on a platform favoring entrance into the League, the returns from the polls were such that, as somebody said, "It wasn't a vote, it was a census."

If we had joined the League and fought out the debt question there, we should probably have been at open war with all our old allies long ago. Only our absence and distance saved us.

The League of Nations for all its beautiful front is a hollow shell of mockery, pitifully futile except as a debating society and a rostrum for the display of eloquence, just as the Disarmament Conference has been.

Everybody knows that Germany is preparing for war and it is a waste of time and abuse to denounce her next-door neighbors for not pretending that she is not. They would be fools and traitors to their countries not to prepare new weapons.

Another Disarmament Conference is on in Geneva as these words are written, and the keen mind of Paul Mallon takes it up in his Memorial Day article, which he calls "Exhumation." He speaks of the "hot headlines" the World Statesmen are getting for digging the Conference out of its grave for its annual airing. He says:

"The inner problem is not disarmament, but keeping up the illusion that there is any hope for disarmament... There is no more chance for a disarmament agreement than there is for Hitler and the French to shake hands and make up... There will be a few pious expressions... After a few days of brotherly love, the disarmament issue will be re-interred in the same quiet graveyard where the London Economic Conference

lies. Then everybody can go home and | • build more ships and guns.'

This should be the business of our own nation according to all but the pacifists. Secretary of War Dern has just reported that the Army is not capable of performing its mission of national defense. He endorses the Thompson bill to increase it from 130,-000 to 170,000 men. Newton D. Baker, who was converted from pacifism by the frightful realisms of the World War, and became a marvel of efficiency as war secretary, comes out in support of Dern's appeal, saying that the Army as now constituted, (12,000 officers, 125,000 men) is below the minimum required to carry out the three main missions of the Army, "which are, first, to protect our outlying possessions; second, to train civilians and third, to repel any sudden invader of our shores. We are now in an armed world and at the mercy of an incident. A trifle may cause a major war."

Note that Secretary Baker includes among the duties of the Army the training of civilians. But the pacifists don't want the civilians trained. They are enlisting young men in a growing army pledged to refuse all training and all service. One of the leaders of the movement says he almost hopes that the men who died in the World War were denied immortality lest they see how futile their sacrifice was and how grossly they were betrayed!

He does not say who betrayed them; and there has been perhaps some exaggeration of the futility of the World War. It was not necessarily futile just because it did not establish a permanent paradise.

Admitting all the ugly facts, all the lies and the misbehavior on our side, all the beauty and nobility on the enemy's side, I remain one of those who rejoice that Germany did not crush the Allies, as she might have done if we had not entered the war. Admitting the worst that can be said about the aftermath, I am one of those who still believe that it would have been far worse for us, and for the world, if the Kaiser had been permitted to annihilate the British. the French and the Italian armies, navies and commerce; and had faced us across the Atlantic in the state of unpreparedness he would have found us in if we had not been goaded into joining the Allies in their resistance to his devastation.

I dread to think what would have followed and what the world would be like today if the conscientious objectors and the pacifists had had their way with us then. I cannot believe that if our own dead are able to look down on the earth they are entirely dissatisfied with their glorious work. They did not die in vain. Liberty still rules in America, thanks to their deaths. And it ill becomes the pacifists to mock their sacrifice since their sacrifice makes possible the very liberty under which the pacifists shout their theories and organize their "armies of

I am writing this on Memorial Day and the air has been stirred by tributes to our dead soldiers. (Continued on page 54) LANDON & WARNER 360 N. Michigan Ave.



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Youth Must Choose

(Continued from page 53)

The lonely bugle has grieved above a war or shortened one. For all their Sav what you will against their graves. war, there come times when the only way to end evil or intolerable oppression is to fight it; the only way to defend the most precious things in life is to die for them; the only way to end war is by war; the only thing that makes it possible for pacifists to air their views in safety is the fact that soldiers have perished on the battlefield for the sake of that very liberty which the pacifists use and abuse.

Our soldier dead have not died in vain. and those who live, suffering and crippled from the wounds of war, have not made a vain sacrifice. Theirs was the honorable part. If more patriots had been trained and equipped, fewer would be dead or distressed today. The wars would have come no sooner for our being ready; but they would have been over sooner.

Many people think that the only way they can prove their hatred of war is to refuse to prepare against it. It is as if the lambs were to show their contempt for the wolves by fattening themselves and breaking down the walls of the fold. But the true patriot, the true lover of peace is he whose fitness for war is a warning to the enemy of peace. I believe that every young man and every young woman in the nation should be forced to learn the rudiments of war, just as he or she is forced to learn the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, for his own sake as well as for his people's.

The pacifists are not the only ones who hate and dread war. The preparationists plead for preparedness because they honestly believe it to be the only way to prevent or shorten war without shameful surrender. The pacifists have never prevented leagues and conferences, the peace has been kept by diplomats and the soldiers. Yet in spite of all that anybody can do, history proves that war will come when it comes. The choice is not between war and no war, but between being ready or unready for the inevitable. The choice ought not to be left to youth; but since nothing is more improbable than any system of intelligent compulsory preparedness in our country, youth may and must choose.

Let those who prefer choose one of the escapes offered the Conscientious Objectors: Go to jail; go to battle, but sabotage; sabotage in times of peace and destroy the present system of life. Let the Conscientious Patriots choose to make ready against that black day when the next war menaces all we hold dear, all that our dead soldiers won for us with their skill and their courage.

The many pacifist combinations and fulminations ought not to be permitted to go on as they have without a word of challenge or warning. Everybody knows that a spark may start another World War. We shall not be able to keep out of it. Hideous as it will be, there will be no escaping it when it breaks out.

Everybody is talking of the danger of war. Yet nothing is done to make ready for it. Our Navy is not up to the minimum arranged by treaty. Our Army is too small to man what works we have, or prepare new ones. Our Reserve has been starved and discouraged in every way. And still the pacifists are not satisfied. Invoking all the sacred claims of religion they are already committing that wholesale sabotage which one of them recommends. They are our first enemy to conquer.

Parks and People

(Continued from page 27)

by a request from an excited camper to rescue a young robin caught in the crotch of a lodge-pole pine some sixty feet from the ground. This accomplished, and a brief respite taken to doctor sundry scratches and to remove much pine resin the ranger may be accosted by a small boy he has never seen before and asked to tell him where his mama is. A tourist comes into the ranger-station and asks whether the ranger on duty thinks the tourist has enough gas in his car to take him on to the Yellowstone. Perhaps some time may be snatched then to make out a travel report, or to jot down a few notes on a new bird for the Park list, but the telephone soon rings and reports a lost girl on the other side of Jenny Lake and will something be done about it at once.

Retiring by means of the back door for a drink of water, one may hear an excited voice proclaim "Oh, there's one now!" and see a stout woman come hurrying up with the request of "Do please, Mr. Ranger, let me take your picture. I'm so anxious for a snap-shot of a really, truly ranger." Posing stiffly, the ordeal is soon over and the stout lady departs winding her film gleefully. The drink may be secured, but no sooner does one reach the desk again than an excited young woman rushes in to inquire whether the boy who went by a few minutes ago in the green roadster had on a blue berêt. After this is settled (or not) one sneaks out to lunch, perhaps.

The picture fiends sometimes have a disconcerting method of making their requests. I recall one very warm day when travel was slack. I was sitting at the desk doing some paper work, without my coat. A shadow fell across the sheet and I looked up to see a woman leaning over the desk.

"Are you a ranger?" she asked. I pleaded guilty and then, "Where is your coat?" she queried. Rather startled, and much concerned about broken regulations, I replied that it was hanging on the back of my chair. "Fine!" she exulted. "I'm sure you won't mind me taking a picture of you, will vou?"

I smiled vacantly, put on my coat, emerged into the sunlight and was snapped forthwith. The invariable formula then followed. "If this is good I'll certainly send you one." Name and address are duly given, the picture-taker departs joyfully, and the print never arrives. One assumes that it is never good.

One can never tell how close some people's feelings are to the surface, and one may offend quite without meaning to. Even when the offense is evident, he may be at a loss to know what caused it. I recall one man who came in the museum while I had the duty and at once commenced a tirade against the commercialization of the national parks. He discoursed at length on the fees and various concessions which, according to him, existed for the sole purpose of legalized highway robbery. When he was quite out of breath and I was casting about for a reply, he regained enough of it in a moment or two to ask me what I thought of it all. I ventured to suggest that attendance on any national park was not compulsory and that if the methods did not appeal to him it might be better not to visit any more of them. This was the wrong tack certainly, for it at once aroused him to intense indignation. He stated that he was a citizen of the United States and that he had a perfect right to go where he pleased. I agreed with that hurriedly and was next asked rather savagely where I was from. I replied that I lived in South Carolina, whereupon he said that he lived in Virginia; that he was every bit as good a Southerner as I was, and that the Park Superintendent would certainly hear of my atrocious conduct

At a loss to know where the atrocious part came in, as well as somewhat mystified as to the exact bearing my home State had on the matter, I gave him directions for finding the Park Headquarters. Instead of leaving he began a lecture on taxation. As he talked he grew more expansive and suddenly switched from vindictiveness to geniality. After one hour and twenty minutes of this he departed, nodding and smiling in the friendliest manner imaginable.

The confidence reposed in the rangers' ability and opinions as evidenced by some questions is remarkable, if somewhat embarrassing. On several occasions I was asked whether it would rain on a certain day, and if so, when. The questioners had planned trips and the problem was whether to take them in the morning or the afternoon. The idea was to find out exactly what hour the rain would descend, if any. Guesswork in prognosticating the weather was re- (Continued on page 56)

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And so he waited

The German shells poured down. Church, chateau and peasant hut were pounded into utter desolation. The woods crackled and flamed in a hurricane of fire and steel. Under the barrage, picked German battalions advanced in perfect order, bands playing, flags flying. The deep rumble of thousands of voices intoning "Deutschland uber Alles" mingled with the roar of the guns. It was an avalanche . . . an avalanche so mighty, so powerful, so methodical that seemingly nothing could resist it.

And yet at nightfall, the Kaiser returned to Metz, baffled and chagrined.

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Parks and People

(Continued from page 55)

information was desired.

Early in the summer I was foolish enough to say one morning in answer to one of these questioners that I did not think it would rain before noon. I was wrong-it rained copiously and kept on raining. Late that afternoon I was accosted on the way out of the rangerstation to supper by an irate woman hiker who still gave evidence of having been very thoroughly rained upon.

"Look here!" she said furiously. "Ain't you the one that told me this morning that it wasn't going to rain? Just look at me! What'd you mean by it?"

I DID not know at that time the axiom concerning weather prophets which is prevalent in Jackson Hole. It is to the effect that only tenderfeet and a certain species of fool undertake to venture an opinion. From the looks and actions of the damp unfortunate who had suffered by my rashness I gathered that she undoubtedly classed me as both.

As might be supposed, many mountain climbers visit the Tetons, not only from every part of the United States but from foreign countries as well. During the 1933 season we had alpinists from England, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, all of whom had been attracted by the ever-increasing fame which attaches to the Teton Range in general and the Grand Teton in particular.

"The Grand," as it is popularly called, was first ascended in August, 1898, and a quarter of a century elapsed before the second ascent. Since then ascents have been made every year. Of the four men who first succeeded in reaching the summit one was a surveyer, two were ranchers and the fourth a minister. Records of their ascent, as well as photographs and the implements used, are exhibited in the museum. One morning a woman was examining them, evidently marveling that anyone had the strength and endurance to scale the precipitous cliffs. Suddenly she called to a companion who was on the other side of the room and with utter incredulity in her tone exclaimed, "See here, Mary, even a minister has climbed the Grand Teton!"

I wondered then and still do just why a minister should not climb the Grand if so inclined. Certainly there is nothing in his calling which forbids it, and one would assume that his arms and legs were as capable as those of a lawyer, banker or doctor.

After hearing my colleagues tell at length of some of their own ascents of this great peak-of experiences with ice-axe and rope, of sheer cliffs two thousand feet high along which one crawls on a twenty inch ledge with one arm and one leg over the abyss-it was something of a shock one day when a woman came into the station

ceived very unfavorably. Only accurate and inquired petulantly as to "exactly where the motor road to the top of the Grand Teton branches off from the state highway."

Among the most popular features of the life of the national parks are the nightly lectures given by camp-fire to the visitors by the ranger-naturalists. Items pertaining to the parks in general and the one in which the visitor finds himself in particular are the subjects. In the Grand Teton Park it was the custom after the lecture was over to throw open the subject to question and discussion, and some of the audience always responded.

Having birds as one of my topics. I usually concluded by saving that I would be glad to attempt to identify any species which a visitor might have seen but did not recognize. I reminded them pleadingly to recall that identification from verbal description was often difficult, and to please be careful as to how they worded their request for knowledge. A person may sincerely believe that he or she has seen a bird with a green head, pink wings and a blue tail, but to tell them that such a bird does not exist only convinces them that you don't know anything about birds. Therefore I asked that particular attention be paid to size, color pattern and notes. At the conclusion of one of these talks I asked for questions, and a man on the front seat who had seemingly been paying very flattering attention to my words claimed the floor.

"I saw a little bird in a tree today," he remarked, "that said 'cheep, cheep.' What kind was it?"

The difficulty in answering this query paralleled that experienced by my colleague at the close of one of his lectures on the trees of the Park. He was asked by a listener whether trees were drawn up or forced up through the soil.

An amusing situation often arises in requests for bird identification in a mistake which many naturally fall into. One morning a young man came into the ranger-station and asked me to step outside a moment and identify a bird by its note. He had been hearing it, he said, for sometime but was utterly unable to locate it, and thought that the note might be familiar to me, although it was entirely

NO SOONER had we stepped outside than it came clearly and sharply on

"There!" exclaimed my searcher after truth. "Why can't I see it? It must be very close."

It was close, and I recognized it at once. The note was one which was so common about Jenny Lake that it had long since failed to register with me unless my attention was called to it. I looked about for a moment, saw the source of the sound and indicated it by a gesture. There, sitting in plain view on a log about twenty feet away, was one of the ubiquitous little ground squirrels which swarmed about the camp-ground, and which are locally known as "chiselers." Amazement and incredulity were depicted on the face of my questioner. Then he shook his head decidedly.

"Oh, no," he declared positively. "Why, that note . . ." He stopped suddenly, for the little creature, standing bolt upright, performed again with the characteristic jerk of the body which accompanies the utterance. A sheepish grin came over the vouth's face.

"Well," he exclaimed, "who'd have thought it?"

NOT a few amusing situations arose from the proximity of several C. C. C. camps which were established in the Park and vicinity. There were some seven hundred boys concentrated in three camps, the great majority having been recruited in New York City. To deposit such men in Jackson Hole, the well named "Last Frontier" of this country, amid surroundings such as they probably never dreamed of, naturally resulted in novel situations. Many of these boys expected to see grizzly bears and mountain lions daily, and had elephants and rhinoceros appeared in the woods they would have been taken as a natural consequence by some in the outfit. While in camp among many of their fellows, little apprehension was noticed, but after working hours in the late afternoon, when they roamed abroad (and they were inveterate wanderers), many an "adventure" was had.

The camp nearest the ranger-station was about two miles distant, and many of the boys attended the nightly lectures at Jenny Lake. They always responded to the call for questions, and almost invariably some of them would ask whether a moose was a dangerous animal. The moose is the commonest of the big-game animals of the Park in the summer, and had laid strong hold on the minds of the C. C. C. boys. Many of them saw moose; all of them seemed to think that the animal was vicious and a deadly foe to humanity. Certainly to those unfortunates who did not catch a glimpse of one the animal must have loomed in their minds as a fabulous sort of demon, roaming the woods and seeking whom it might devour. At least this is the impression they gave from the awe inspired by any mention of the creature in the lectures.

Bear do not occur in the Park in anything like the numbers in which they are to be found in the Yellowstone. Indeed, a visitor might well spend an entire summer in Grand Teton Park and never so much as glimpse one, although there are some, of course, on the slopes of the

mountains. One night a family connected with the Park was startled to hear a violent banging on the door of their cabin. Investigation showed three of the C. C. C. boys all but breathless with terror who, after being admitted, related that a huge bear had attacked them and chased them right up to the door of the cabin. Their fright was so evident and their story so vivid that the man of the house took a flashlight and set out to see for himself. He did not take a weapon, as he had already had experience with some of the "sights" seen by members of the corps.

About a hundred yards from the cabin he heard a rustling amid a clump of buckbrush, and directing his beam upon it, saw a big porcupine making its way through the tangle, grunting in displeasure.

THESE are some of the experiences of L those who enter the ranger service in one of our national parks. Similar ones, and

variations by the score, are doubtless experienced in other parks. The writer does not intend to convey the impression that foolish questions are the rule. Rather are they the exception, and because of this the dizzy queries stand out among the thousands of sensible and intelligent queries by which visitors learn of the wonders of these great playgrounds.

The giving of satisfaction is a reward in itself, and the ranger service has much of reward. It is worthy of note that, among the hundreds of temporary employes in the National Park Service, there are a great many who return summer after summer, taking up where they left off and enjoying it thoroughly. No better commendation could be given, and since their work is principally that of contacting people, one can only say in conclusion that, despite its foibles and frailties, the Great American Public is an intensely interesting study.

Points South

(Continued from page 17)

information to pick up before you look for points outside. First of all, bring only summer things to wear. The temperature in October is always between 69 and 80 degrees, and after an audit of the weather bureau records for the past two decades the convention committee reports that it has rained but one day during what will be convention week-October 22d to 25thin the past twenty years. So taffeta for the ladies and white linen for the men.

Nor do you need to worry about accommodations. There are 1,300 apartment houses and 250 hotels in Miami and Miami Beach. The official prices as given me are a maximum rate of four dollars a day single and seven dollars double, while there will be rooms as low as two dollars a day with bath. If you want a dollar-a-day room the ocean temperature is 74 degrees and salt water is good for you. If your room is in Miami or Coral Gables bus service is available across the causeway, and those at the Miami Biltmore Hotel will find a swimming pool that rates better than good.

Something has got to be said about fishing, for deep-sea and bay fishing is the sport of all sports in Florida and most of you will want to take one or more cracks at it.

Do not bring any tackle unless you're an expert who can only use his own. If you want to spend a day on the cobalt blue of the Gulf Stream trying for sailfish, barracuda, dolphin, marlin, bonita, king or Spanish mackerel, you can charter a trunk cabin cruiser and the skipper will supply rod, reel, line, bait and precise instructions how to fish. The lunch and beer you can bring yourself.

Miami has a great fleet of fishing boats. You can rent or charter one from five to thirty-five dollars a day. This is not so expensive as it sounds, for the big, say, \$25-a-day boats can fish three lines off the stern. Thus, a party of six can be made up, and by making the rule turnabout on the line each time a fish is caught, each member will get plenty of time at the fish and plenty of time at the beer. And there are even bigger craft, small yachts, in fact, that will take out parties of twenty and thirty for \$3 a day, and even lower.

If you don't care to fight the big gamesters of the Gulf Stream you can rent an outboard motor to hold three for \$6.50 a day, and hire rod and artificial lure or shrimp from the boatsman. If you want to reef fish, or bottom fish as it is called, you can rent a rowboat for a dollar a day and rent or buy a cane pole and a hank of line. This reef fishing (there are sixty-seven varieties of reef fish to be caught) is good for your soul, but it is probable you didn't come to Miami to commune with it, and would prefer catching the huge monsters off-shore, in which case there is good news

Major Fred Bradford, genial fishing editor of the Miami Daily News, has checked all his records (and they date back plenty far) and declares that practically all fish will be running.

"I find," he said, "that sailfish, marlin swordfish, amberjack, dolphin, Spanish mackerel, bluefish, bonita, barracuda and possibly kingfish will be running in October.'

He went on to say that bonefish, declared by those who are experts to be the gamiest fish pound for pound that swims, can be fished in Bear's Cat Channel. And on the reef, snapper and grouper can be found. Inland can be tried the best bass fishing anywhere in America according to Major Bradford.

This article has to get on to other points, but Major (Continued on page 58)

TO PARENTS



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Numerous Legionnaire References



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Points South

(Continued from page 57)

Bradford announces that any Legionnaire wishing more detailed information on Florida fishing can write to him, enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope, and ask any question he wishes. Major Bradford is one man who knows all the answers. Address him care of the Miami Daily News, Miami, Florida.

BY ALL means plan to visit Cuba if you can. The rates are exceptionally cheap and there is much of beauty and interest to see if you don't dally overlong at Sloppy Joe's or pay too much attention to a concoction called Planter's Punch. If the time to spare is short, you can cross to Havana aboard a huge Pan-American Sikorsky seaplane in two hours for \$29 the round trip. This means that you can hop off from Dinner Key at nine A.M., reach Havana at eleven o'clock and get in nearly a day of sight-seeing. By taking the next afternoon's plane at three o'clock you have had twenty-eight hours in a place to remember.

At the risk of displeasing the Pan-American Airways I believe that those with more leisure will get more enjoyment going by train to Key West and thence in six hours by the Peninsular & Occidental ships to Havana, at a round trip cost of \$22.50. There are two reasons for this.

First is the experience of traveling by train over the ocean. You should take the night train from Miami if you don't care to stay overnight in Key West and get up at the crack of dawn. All around you is nothing but ocean dotted with tiny islets and not too many of those. Water colors that shift from pale milk to dark green and even blue stretch away as far as the eye can see. Fishing cruisers seem to go under you-for you can't see the trestle. You watch the long ground swells of the ocean sweep up and past, and as your train flies swiftly past the small keys you may see "conchs," as the natives are called, going about their lonely business of making a living from the sea.

Secondly is Key West itself, one of the quaintest cities on the American littoral. Here is a touch of the Spanish Main. From the Dry Tortugas not so far away, pirates many times came to Key West. You've got both feet in romance when you walk about this queer Spanish town drousing in the warmth of tropic suns. You won't believe you're in the United States, for Spanish will ring liquidly in your ears, and the shabby, unpainted houses have the Spanish appearance.

And for you who are gourmets let me recommend with no restrictions a chicken turtle steak. Key West is the headquarters of the turtle fishing industry, and to my knowledge has the only turtle soup factory in America. For some reason which I never found out they don't make a turtle into soup until they have sold the steaks, con-

sidered a great delicacy even by Key Westers. So you always get fresh steaks, and they're something to mark in the diary.

The fishing at Key West is swell (as it is anywhere in Florida) and I have a nostal-gic memory of one glorious day that netted ninety huge jacks, two barracudas, five kings and a small shark—1,500 pounds of fish in five hours. We fed Key West that day. My stay there was made richer by the Key West Post of the Legion.

Six hours south is Havana. And when your ship passes Morro Castle or your plane glides down over it, you'll find yourself in a foreign land. It is an experience to walk along the Prado, one of the world's more beautiful streets. You'll find plenty of hotels, some thoroughly American, others very Spanish, all European or American plan, and I suggest you seek out a Spanish hotel like the Pasaje on the Prado or the Ambos Mundos at 25 Obispo, where some one will speak English but you'll get the real Cuban flavor. The rates are around \$2.50 a day up, American plan.

Havana Post of The American Legion has been busily at work arranging plans for convention visitors, an official invitation has been offered by the de facto Cuban government; and while there is no moratorium on revolutions the chances are you'll have a fine time.

A letter to the Pan-American Airways or to the Peninsular & Occidental Steamship lines at Miami will bring you more information about what to see in Havana than could be presented here in several articles. But I must mention a reasonable trip through Morro Castle, finished in 1597, and to Fort Cabana as well as La Fuerza, built in 1544 and once the governor general's palace. And if you like to gamble on occasion there is the Casino de la Playa, which will let you try roulette, baccarat, birdcage, or try to make Big Dick from Boston or draw to fifteen in blackjack if you draw to fifteen. My own wish is for you to make the trip either by train or motor to Matanzas, sixty-three miles southeast of Havana. Here you relish the real Cuban hinterland and see quaint towns that have no replica anywhere. The beauty of the Yumuri valley, the sugar cane, the mills, the great caves of Bellamar. This comes under the head of the real McCoy.

THE last report of the convention committee was that jai-alai (hi-li to you) is to be played in Miami during the convention, so unless you wish to see a Cuban game you can pass up the jai-alai frontonin Havana. Jai-alai, in a nutshell, is handball as Yanks play it, except that a jai-alai player wears a long wicker scoop called a cesta on his right arm. With this added leverage, the use of both hands and all the force of a pivoting body he heaves the pelota or ball the full length of the court

(175 feet) so that it rebounds so fast it strikes the rear wall very high up, and somehow one of the players scoops it again and keeps it going like a bullet. It is a fast, thrilling game, and when you go you will doubtless see graybeards in the front row who once scoffed at jai-alai being a swell game to watch. In the Biscayne Fronton at Miami you can bet through the mutuels on one team or the other. My advice is to try the dogs instead, if the dog tracks are open.

Somewhere I was supposed to say something about the entertainment program of the convention committee. But the committee has not yet announced much, for it is competing with a climate and a city that gives a man all the entertainment he wants. The golden strand of Miami Beach is always there; the sun will tan you, the ocean will soothe you. And the fish will bite if you will go out after them. And you'd be amazed how much time you can kill just doing that much.

IF YOU don't bring your car take the boat trip for a dollar up the river to the Seminole Indian village. You'll get a look at the lower end of the Everglades and see how Seminoles really dress. They've been touristized perhaps, but you don't change the Seminole much. He never liked the white man anyway.

And I've just been informed that all registered Legionnaires and their families will be admitted absolutely free to the famous Deering estate of Vizcava. They charge two dollars ordinarily for this, and it's worth it, because this is a show-place that ranks even above the Ringling estate at Sarasota. The late James Deering of Chicago spent several millions of dollars assembling the finest masterpieces of art he could buy, then built an Italian palazzo to house them, and employed the finest landscape artists to make a setting. The Vizcaya press agent says this is the most marvelous collection of art masterpieces to be found outside of Europe. Whether or not this is true you'll never regret the time you devote to looking it over.

There was some talk about a national beauty contest with state entries, but nothing official now. And while the railroads are working to get a cent a mile rate, at this writing it is still a round trip ticket for a one way fare.

Personally, I believe the circuit of the Florida peninsula should be made beginning with the west coast as outlined. But there are doubtless many who will start late and have to go direct to Miami through Jax, St. Augustine and the east coast. For these as well as those who have toured the west coast a few stops are recommended.

Jacksonville and St. Augustine are natural stopping-over places against the next day's 350-mile drive to Miami. But

in any case plan to give St. Augustine two or three hours, for it will certainly repay you richly.

This oldest city in America, lovely as a carved cameo, is crammed with ancient lore. Here, so legend says, is where Ponce de Leon sought the fountain of youth, and you may drink of its waters if you will. Here, too, is the oldest house in America, filled with the lore of British, Spanish, and American occupation. And finally, there is the old fortress, first Spanish, then occupied by Oglethorpe, and later used by the Americans as a prison for the Seminole chief Osceola.

Miss Daisy Westerland, Commander of the St. Augustine Post, writes, "Legionnaires will find this charming old city in full regalia for them. We are planning a real treat for every member who stops over, so be sure and include St. Augustine."

A ten-minute detour to the left at Day-

tona Beach will give you a glimpse of a strand of yellow sand where the fastest racing cars of all time have set world's records for a measured mile. (No, I don't believe you can see how fast the old bus can make it, but you can ask the Legionnaires.)

At West Palm Beach an hour or two spent across the million dollar bridge over Lake Worth will show you the palatial estates of America's greatest millionaires. Billion dollar row in Palm Beach is worth sceeing and the Palm Beach Post Legionnaires will be glad to aid you.

And when, finally, you turn your radiator cap north on either coastal route, you'll think Ponce de Leon was right, and after all he did discover the fountain of youth. For somehow Florida is a magic country, sort of fairyland that defeats age, revives youth and makes you want to live

Water, Water, Nowhere

(Continued from page 33

anything else you want to know. If he can, he'll persuade you to step inside the house of palmetto logs and palm thatch. Once in there you stand a good chance of becoming a more or less permanent resident of the city. That's the way it has worked ever since Sarasota Bay Post of the Legion built the station it calls "Point Welcome" and started flagging incoming tourists. The town gives the post credit for gaining many new residents.

The town is also proud of Sarasota Bay Post's free clinics. Three years ago a Legionnaire physician persuaded the post to help provide glasses for children with defective eyesight. Since then the Legion clinic has expanded to provide surgical treatment, medical care and dental service for children who otherwise might be without it. Seventy-seven children were operated upon last year and 102 others received examinations and treatment, the records show.

Widows and Orphans Act

JUST before it adjourned in the middle of June, Congress unexpectedly passed a Widows and Orphans Bill which marked in part the enactment of the fourth point of the Legion's Four Point Program. The other three points of the Four Point Program had been embodied in the Independent Offices Appropriation Act which was passed at the end of March.

The new act provides payments of \$22 a month for widows and \$4 a month for orphans of World War veterans suffering from war service disabilities of more than 30 percent at the time their death occurs from causes other than their service disability. Up to the time of the passage of the act, no payments could be made to either widow or orphan unless death was

caused by the service disability. It is estimated that the new provision will benefit 13,900 cases and cost \$4,114,000 a year.

No provision is made in the new law for payments to dependent parents of disabled service men dying of non-service causes, but Chairman John E. Rankin of the House Veterans Committee announced that he intended to ask in the new Congress for such an amendment.

Action upon the Widows and Orphans Bill was made possible in the final hours of Congress by Speaker Rainey. agreed to permit the bill to be voted on under suspension of the rules after it was shown that all members of the House committee favored the vote. Lewis W. Douglas, budget director, also approved the measure before the vote and it was learned that the President had agreed to sign it.

Pennsylvania Pays

WHAT with hard times cutting down the output of marriage licenses and hard times slowing up the buying and selling of real estate, things weren't so lively early this winter in the office of the County Register and Recorder of Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, at Williamsport. But the passage of the Pennsylvania State Adjusted Compensation Act and the filing of applications which began in February changed all that.

After Garrett Cochran Post of The American Legion threw open its clubhouse and twenty-five Legionnaires and Auxiliares manned typewriters for seventeen days to assist the adjusted compensation applicants to fill out their papers, Post Chaplain Theodore Beck counted 1,531 applications. To the applicants, one and all, Chaplain Beck gave this advice: "Now, while you are about it, (Continued on page 60)



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Water, Water, Nowhere

(Continued from page 59)

filing your bonus application at Harrisburg, why not also have your Army or Navy discharge paper recorded at the court house? You may need it again, and it may not be so easy to find next time."

As the adjusted compensation rush slowed down at the Legion clubhouse, the office of the county recorder reported it had fallen two weeks behind in its work of recording discharge certificates.

The State estimated payments to 300,000 Pennsylvania veterans, at the rate of \$10 for each month of service, would average \$125. Service men residents of Pennsylvania at time of entering service but now living in other States may obtain application blanks by writing to the Department of Military Affairs, Harrisburg.

One Post, One Community

THE Lowell Thomas of Gardena Valley Post of Gardena, California, is Adjutant Dave Wheeler. Taking his place at the microphone he says:

"For many years I have been reading of the wonderful work done by various posts throughout the country. It had hurt me a little to think my own post, while active in the regular Legion programs, had done nothing which seemed to deserve a place in the Monthly. Now I realize we really have had a light which has been hidden under a bushel. Here is what comes to my mind as I attempt to let the rest of the Legion know just what this little post of ours has meant to our community:

"Gardena Valley Post has been instrumental in obtaining a public free library and an adult evening school. It has also been the means of obtaining the baby clinic for Gardena Valley, and we supply the building in which the clinic is held. The post raised funds for a community flagpole and a large flag. We sponsor a Boy Scout

troop of forty-eight members and boys' and girls' classes in junior aviation which have a total membership of sixty-five. During the earthquake last March we took forty-two Legionnaires to Long Beach and Compton for relief work.

"The real reason I started this report is this: On the night of October 21st our community was shaken by a terrific explosion when the supply depot of the Standard Oil Company at Moneta was completely demolished. Within a few minutes, many of our members were at the scene of the fire and had taken charge of the traffic problems, leaving police and firemen free to battle the flames.

"Since March the members of the Legion in Southern California have been carrying their Legion caps in their automobiles, so when an emergency comes they are always ready for service. The people hereabouts respect the Legion cap as a badge of authority in all emergencies."

Not Overshadowed

NEW Rochelle (New York) Post of The American Legion, located in a large suburban city thirty minutes by train from the multiplied attractions of New York City, does not sit obscurely in the back row of its own community. Everybody in New Rochelle knows what it is and what it is doing. In April the post presented for the fifteenth consecutive year its annual show, the "Legion Follies," a production now famous throughout Westchester County. On February 22, 1923, the post opened its present clubhouse. Now annually on each Washington's Birthday the post holds open house for the public. Each autumn the post welcomes citizens to another event, its annual bazaar, held on its clubhouse grounds.

Post Symphony Orchestra

WHAT one American Legion post does in one year, many American Legion posts will do in later years. The Legion post which originates a new way of helping its own community is therefore helping other communities far and wide. It is with this thought in mind that W. A. Hudgens Post of Anderson, South Carolina, reports that nothing which it has done in recent years has given it more satisfaction than the organization of its American Legion Symphony Orchestra, which has given a series of concerts. Composed of thirty-five musicians, many of them not Legionnaires, the orchestra plays without pay and receipts of concerts are for relief work.

"How many other posts have sponsored a symphony orchestra as a community service?" inquires Post Commander E. E. Epting.

Roll Call

ALEXANDER GARDINER, author of "Twenty Years After," is a member of George Alfred Smith Post of Fairfield, Connecticut . . . Miss Dorothy Giles belongs to the Auxiliary unit of George A. Casey Post of Cold-Spring-on-Hudson, New York . . . Rupert Hughes is a member of Los Angeles (California) Post . . . Fred C. Painton is a member of William C. Morris Post of Fort Lauderdale, Florida . . . Colonel Alva J. Brasted is a member of Lincoln Post of Washington, D. C. . . . Clarence H. Philbrick belongs to Providence (Rhode Island) Post.

Among the artists, Kenneth Fuller Camp is a member of Scarsdale (New York) Post, Herbert Morton Stoops belongs to Jefferson Feigl Post of New York City, and Herb Roth is a member of Larchmont (New York) Post.

PHILIP VON BLON

For Man and For God

(Continued from page 18)

seal of confession or not. It is no unusal thing for an enlisted man to confide to the chaplain, when in some kind of trouble, that he had enlisted under an assumed name, that he was, in fact, married and not single as his papers stated—that, in a word, he had gone into the Army to hide away from his wife! There are desertions to as well as from the Army, these unofficial confidences prove.

HAT of the chaplain in war? Of the 121 members of the Chaplains' Corps of the Regular Army today, four less than its authorized strength, better than four out of five had World War experience. Of the 1,250 Reserve chaplains, perhaps 350 had such experience. Regular Army chaplains

are stationed in home posts, on transports and in the insular possessions. Many Reserve chaplains are active in the Civilian Conservation Corps and in the Citizens' Military Training Camps in summer. Of the more than 200 chaplains in the National Guard, a majority are also in the Reserve.

In Arlington National Cemetery is a bronze tablet in memory of the twenty-three army chaplains who gave their lives in the World War. The chaplains of all components of the military forces today are proud of their heroism and devotion. Five were killed in action; six died of wounds and twelve of disease or accident. Twenty-seven others were wounded in action.

This out of a total of 2,364 chaplains commissioned in the Regular Army, the National Guard and the National Army in the war period.

Files of the War Department containing biographical accounts of these men have such lines as "Killed in action by high explosive shell;" "Died of wounds received two days before while burying the dead;" "Killed in action . . . men of his regiment said of him that he had gone over the top in every fight from Soissons until the day he was killed." And there is this recountal of one chaplain's record, with poignant and if you will, ironic ending—ironic in the event, not the wording:

"During the advance . . . he worked uninterruptedly under violent fire, and with

total disregard of danger. His comforting words, his good example, encouraged the men of his regiment who were advancing to attack . . . Chaplain Davitt worked singlehanded without ceasing for anything, collecting the dead of his division . . . and looking after burials. While doing this, he stopped to encourage with cheerful words and advice the enlisted men along the line who were under fire. The results of his work were 125 American soldiers buried, many wounded cared for and soldiers in the line encouraged . . . To rescue forty wounded soldiers who were temporarily isolated from their command, he led a party of volunteers through a hail of machine-gun bullets. All were rescued and returned to their command, without the

loss of a single man . . . Killed in action by German artillery fire at 10 A.M., November 11, 1918."

In the C. C. C. camps, enrolling more than 300,000 men, chaplains have their greatest opportunity since the World War. The camps provide a laboratory of vast extent and diversity for chaplaincy effort; they are a challenge to us all. Reserve chaplains are on the ground serving each an average of perhaps ten camps, or roughly 2,000 men, often circuit-riding hundreds of miles in their rounds. A number of Regular Army chaplains are, in addition to continuing their customary duties at posts, supervising this work as district and corps-area chaplains. All the varied activities (Continued on page 62)

CHAPLAINS KILLED DURING THE WORLD WAR

THOMAS M. BULLA, Chaplain, 116th Infantry, died of wounds October 17, 1918, (Presbyterian) from North Carolina.

WALTON S. DANKER, Chaplain, 104th Infantry, died of wounds June 18, 1918, (Episcopalian) from New York.

WILLIAM F. DAVITT, Chaplain, 125th Infantry, killed November 11, 1918, on field of battle, (Roman Catholic) from Massachusetts.

JOHN ALEXANDER DEAVER, Chaplain, 61st Infantry, killed October 13, 1918, on field of battle, (Presbyterian) from Alabama.

HARRY DEIMAN, Chaplain, 354th Infantry, killed September 29, 1918, on field of battle, (Congregationalist) from Iowa.

MICHAEL W. KEITH, Chaplain, 111th Infantry, died of gas September 8, 1918, (Presbyterian) from Pennsylvania.

ARTHUR H. MARSH, Chaplain, 18th Infantry, died of wounds October 7, 1918, (Episcopalian) from Iowa.

COLMAN E. O'FLAHERTY, Chaplain, 18th Infantry, killed in action October 1, 1918, (Roman Catholic) from South Dakota.

CHARLES DENTON PRIEST, Chaplain, 358th Infantry, died of wounds, October 29, 1918, (Disciples) from Iowa.

DANIEL STEVENSON SMART, Chaplain, 328th Infantry, killed in action October 14, 1918, (United Presbyterian) from New York.

WILBUR STUART SEWELL, Chaplain, 30th Infantry, killed in action July 15, 1918, (Methodist) from Georgia.

CHAPLAINS DIED OF DISEASE DURING THE WORLD WAR

ALBERT DANIEL BELL, Chaplain, 309th Machine Gun Battalion, died October 13, 1918, in France, (Lutheran) from Iowa.

JOHN GROSS BOONE, Chaplain, 124th Infantry, died October 18, 1918, at Camp Mills, New York, (Disciples) from Missouri.

JOHN GRANVILLE BREDEN, Chaplain, Coast Artillery, died January 19, 1918, in Panama, (United Brethren) from Indiana.

PATRICK PERFECTO CAREY, Chaplain at Base Hospital, died April 10, 1918, at Hot Springs, Arkansas, (Roman Catholic) from New York.

HORACE A. CHOUINARD, Chaplain, 6th Engineers, died September 2, 1918, at Montivideo, Minnesota, (Episcopalian) from Wisconsin.

WILLIAM BETHEL CORNISH, Chaplain, 151st Brigade, died at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, on September 21, 1918, (Episcopalian) from New Jersey. HERBERT PLACID DOYLE, Chaplain, 90th Division, died October 5, 1918, in France, (Roman Catholic) from Canada.

AURENUS TILDEN HOWARD, Chaplain, 148th Infantry, died July 26, 1918, in France, (Baptist) from North Carolina.

JOHN CONLIN KERR, Chaplain, unassigned, died October 27, 1918, in France, (Methodist Episcopal) from Scotland.

JOHN FERDINAND McCARTHY, Chaplain, 71st Infantry, died October 5, 1918, at Camp Meade, Maryland, (Roman Catholic) from Pennsylvania.

TIMOTHY A. MURPHY, Chaplain, 128th Machine Gun Battalion, died February 23, 1918, at Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma, (Roman Catholic) from Indiana. WILLIAM HENRY JAMES WILLBY, Chaplain, 544th Engineers, died

October 4, 1918, on shipboard, (Congregationalist) from Missouri.



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For Man and For God

(Continued from page 61)

of the peace-time chaplains are in progress -religious, recreational, social, welfare. The chaplain of a group of camps must "spread himself." He can not do everything himself; he puts others to work. He enlists the co-operation of local clergymen in the towns near his camps and they conduct services at the camps for members of their denominations, or enrollees are transported by army trucks to the town churches. Civic and church organizations provide entertainment in the towns or send entertainers out. Boxing and baseball are favorite sports, and even horseshoe pitching holds its own in popularity in some of the camps, especially those of war veterans.

Enrollees in most of the camps are boys of from 18 to 25, many of whom had never been away from home before. The chaplain cheers the homesick, counsels the troubled, comforts the sick, visits the occasional culprit held in durance in the town jail—there are no guardhouses in the camps—and exercises, as he may, a helpful ministry.

IN THE Regular Army, which deals with men enlisted for three-year periods, chaplains are giving much attention, as a collateral activity, to vocational counseling. Many of the men serve only one or two enlistments and are young when they return to civil life with the question before them of what to do for a living. For normal-time occupational conditions the chaplain, properly equipped, should be able to help these men. To be of help he needs to study

the field of vocational opportunity, read the literature of vocational guidance and use good sense in inquiry and observation. Especially should he study the men individually, to learn their abilities, shortcomings, aptitudes, interests, family backgrounds, social attitudes, what not.

If one judges from the past few years, there will probably be about 16,000 original enlistments in the Regular Army in the fiscal year 1935, or a little more than 13 percent of its present enlisted strength of about 110,000. An original enlistment is that of a man never before enrolled in the military organization. On the basis stated, if it be an average condition, nearly 40 percent of the entire enrolment in the Army at any time may be serving an original enlistment. The field is large and inviting.

Vocational counseling by the chaplain has a twofold purpose. It is to help the man find the place or branch of service within the Army for which he is best fitted—no, mule drivers do not necessarily make good truck pilots—with a view to transfers when possible. It is also to point the man who will leave the Army toward a wise choice of a vocation in which he will be happy, useful and successful.

Few young men in the Army can name offhand more than a dozen, a score, of the vocations. Yet there are more than 500 listed, with new ones developing all the time. Let these young men know that there are blind-alley vocations and fruitful ones, fields for which they are temperamentally unfit and fields in which, if they

discover them, work will be a delight, a constant picnic, one long joyful, vacation through life.

THE chaplain must be sincere, and he must believe in the Army. The fact that a man is in the Army should be sufficient evidence that he believes in the mission of the Army. However, if a chaplain should come to believe that men should never take up arms, if he should feel called upon to go about teaching the doctrine of "peace at any price," he would have no place in the Army. Unless he conscientiously believes that the soldier should be taught to shoot as well as to pray, he has no right to be an army chaplain.

We chaplains abhor war and pray that never again shall our people be compelled to take up arms; but, as much as we love peace and abhor war, we believe that there are some things that are dearer than the prolongation of life in these physical bodies. We believe that the priceless heritage that has come down to us at the cost of supreme sacrifice is worth defending. So long as Americans retain their sense of justice, their courage and their appreciation of true values, they will be prepared to defend the principles symbolized by our flag.

This dear land has been handed down to us through toil and aspiration, through blood and tears, not only of great leaders but of millions of men and women, obscure, nameless, who wrought in the vision that makes an imperishable people. This land is ours. It must always be ours.

Hitting the Line on the Home Front

(Continued from page 36)

Paul Elliott of Tom Schwinn Post, Wellington, Kansas, introduces one of the show groups, in the picture on page 36. His story, as told in his letter to the Company Clerk, is this:

"Digging down into the old kit bag, I ran across the enclosed picture which was taken up in the Occupied Area during the early part of 1919. The three ladies in the picture are the Prosser Sisters.

"The car is a White, used as a staff officer's car and assigned to Major Gresang. The Prosser Sisters did a vaudeville sketch and showed in the headquarters towns of the Third Corps area and on this particular day we were leaving Neuwied for Remagen.

"I drove the car for one month and am at the wheel in the picture with the major alongside of me. I was a member of the 501st Motor Ordnance Repair Shop and my outfit was in Germany from December, 1918, until August, 1919."

From an interesting book entitled "Entertaining the American Army" we find

that American entertainers got busy early entertaining our men overseas.

In June, 1917, headquarters for the entertainers was established in Paris. In October, 1917, the first "company" left America for France. In January, 1918, Winthrop Ames and E. H. Sothern journeyed to France to make a survey of the entire entertainment field and to report back to the theater in America what the Army expected of them. On April 23,1918, 2,200 theatrical people packed the Palace Theater in New York City to hear the call of the Army for entertainment. Pledges came in from every great person of the stage. Elsie Janis was in London and cabled she would meet them in France.

The stage army of volunteers finally totaled more than 35,000, including producers, coaches, song leaders, actors, singers, motion picture operators, lecturers, costumers, theater managers, staff officers and transportation service men.

And did we appreciate those shows and

entertainments by home folks and cheer them to the echo? We'll tell the world!

TIME for announcing outfit reunions in conjunction with the Legion national convention in Miami, Florida, October 22d to 25th, grows short. When this issue of the Monthly reaches you, there remains an opportunity to include announcement of your gang's convention reunion only in the October issue—so if you contemplate a reunion, report at once to J. K. Williams, Chairman of Reunions, 614 Ingraham Building, Miami, and also to the Company Clerk.

Particulars of the following convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names and addresses are listed:

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION AMERICAN LEGION NURSES—Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Flora Sheldon, natl. secy., 2176 Atkins av., Lakewood, Ohio. NATIONAL YEOMEN F—Ninth annual meeting and reunion. Miss Helen Wienhusen, natl. adjt., 7 May st., New Haven, Conn.

2p Div.—Proposed reunion. Capt. W. J. Mc-Carthy, Police Dept., Miami.
3b U. S. Div.—Maj. E. J. Close, Box 3064, Miami.
4rn Div.—See your old buddies sixteen years afterwards at Miami reunion dinner and regimental gatherings during Legion convention. Details of reunion and blank for Verdun Medal to which you are entitled, sent on receipt of name, address and former company and regiment, with stamped envelope. William C. Brooker, Citizens Bank bldg., Tampa, Fla. 30rn (Old Hickory) Div.—Convention reunion in addition to regular biennial reunion (see general reunions). Claude S. Ramsey, pres., Asheville, N. C. 37rn Div.—Convention reunion in addition to regular reunion (see general reunions list.) Donald S. Lavign, ehmm., 114 N. E. 2d av., Miami, Fla. 53b Inf., Co. I., 67th Div.—Proposed company reunion. Cecil II. Pillans, ex-1st sgt., Haines City, Fla. 47th Engrs.—Patrick J. Ganley, comdr., Ft. Dearborn Post, A. L., 6312 Greenwood av., Chicago, Ill. 21st Engrs., L. R. Soc.—14th annual reunion. Frank L. Frazin, secy-treas, 1825 S. Hamlin av., Chicago, Ill.
25th Engrs., A. E. F. Vets.—Erick O. Meling, pres., 2048 N. Spaulding av., Chicago, Frank T. Cushnirik, secy-treas, 12206 Lowe av., Chicago, Ill.
56th, 603b and 604th Engrs. (Searchlight)—W. H. White, 4831 Park av., So., Minneapolis, Minn. 60th Ry. Engrs.—L. H. Foord, secy., 3318 Flower st., Hunting ton Park, Calif.
212th Engrs., Co. D, 12th Div.—

IMPULSE AND HONORS A "BEEF EATER"

AT THE TOWER O' LONDON -

THE SALUTING DEMON OBEYS THAT

Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.

212TH ENGRS., Co. D, 12TH DIV.—
To include all members of division. A. B. Parks, 318 Cotton States bldg., Nashville, Tenn. M. T. C. Vernstull Vers. — Veterans of Units 301-2-3, M. T. C., located at Nevers and Verneuil, France, Hilmer Gellein, pres., P. O. Box 772, Detroit, Mich.; Verne M. Corson, reunion offier, 1161 W. Flagler st., Miami, Fla., or W. M. Applegate, 6033 Champlain av., Chicago, Ill. 420rH Tell. Bs., Co. E, S. C.—Send names, addresses to Roy W. Ewing, Route 1, Box 776, Hialeah, Fla. 22b Serv. Co., S. C., U. S. Embarkation Div. — Proposed reunion. II. E. Tripp, Jr., 161 Broad street, Newbern, N. C. 35th Aero Sodrn., and Solist Aero Sodrn.— See general reunion list below.) D. K. Mitchell, 51 Park av., Middleport, N. Y. Air Serv., Carlestrom And Dorr Fields—J. Leo Seanlon, 487 Ellicott Sq. bldg., Buffalo, N. Y. Base Hosp. 136, A. E. F.—Elmer V. McCarthy, M. D., seev., 108 North State st., Chiego, Ill. Evac. Hosp. No. 15 Assoc.—Rev. John Dunphy, pres., Portage, Pa. Write to Mrs. Mary Johnson Cuttell, seev., 76 West st., Milford, Mass. Camp Hosp. No. 52, Le Manns, France—Albert Irwin Almand, 333 Holderness st., S. W., West End, Atlanta, Ga. 117th M. O. R. S., 420 DIV.—James P. Stickle, P. O. Box 3363, Daytona Beach, Fla.

Irwin Almand, 333 Holderness st., S. W., West End, Atlanta, Ga.
117th M. O. R. S., 42p Drv.—James P. Stickle, P. O. Box 3363, Daytona Beach, Fla.
SUBMARINE AND SUB-TENDER VETS.—Irving H. Hunciker, 833 South blvd., Evanston, Ill.
NATL. Assoc. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Wilford L. Jessup, natl. coindg. officr., Bremerton, Wash. Craig S. Herbert, personnel officr., 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa., or R. J. Walters, Miami Aquarium, Miami.

Philagelphia, Fa., of R. V.
Miami.

U. S. A. Canal Zone Vets, Assoc.—Veterans of all outfits that served in the Zone during the World War period, including the 5th, 10th, 29th and 33d Inf., 12th Cav., 3d Engrs., 1st Sep. Mtn. Art., C. A. C. of Forts Grant, Sherman, De Lesseps, etc., Aviation Corps, M. C. Louis J. Gilbert, pres., 260 Gregory av., Passaic, N. J.

N. J. Tank Corps Vets. Assoc.—Reunion.

Saic, N. J.

NATIONAL TANK CORPS VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion.

Frank J. Williams, natl. comdr., 534 Brisbane bldg.,

Buffalo, N. Y.

U. S. S. Barney—C. W. Chase, Jr., Miami Beach,

Fla.
U. S. S. Iowan—Stanley W. Campbell, 822 Jefferson av., Scranton, Pa.

Announcements of reunions and miscellaneous activities at other times and places follow:

Second Div., Western States—San Francisco and Los Angeles Branches of Second Div. Assoc. announce reunion of veterans from Western States during Lezion Dept. Convention, San Francisco, Calif., August 13-15. Entertainment, banquet and program. E. P. Smith, pres., San Francisco Branch, 2821 Best av., Oakland, Calif.

Society of 5th Div.—Annual reunion at Boston, Mass., Sept. 1-3 (Labor Day week-end). David T. Probert, 25 First st., Fair Lawn, N. J.

20 rtt (Old Hickory) Div. Assoc.—Biennial reunion, Asheville, N. C., Sept. 28-30. Claude S. Ramsey, pres., or Irwin Monk, secy., Asheville.

32b Div. Vets. Assoc.—Almual convention in Detroit, Aiich. Dates advanced from Sept. 2-5 to Sept. 1-3. Byron Beveridge, secy., 1148 Florence court, Madison, Wisc.

33b Div. Wart Vets. Assoc.—Annual reunion and convention, Peoria, Ill., in Dec. William E. Keith, secy., 209 N. La Salle st., Chicago, Ill.

35rnt Div. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Joplin, Mo., Sept. 28-30. Michael C. Sullivan, secy., 304 East 11th street, Kansas City, Missouri.

35rnt Div.—Pictorial History of the 35th Division, 250 photographs. A few remaining copies are available at reduced price. R. L. Carter, 1218 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

37rnt Div. A. E. F. Vets, Assoc.—Reunion, Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 1-3. Jim Sterner, asst. secy., 1110 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

89rnt (Minddle West) Div. War Society—Reunion at Wichita, Kansas, Sept. 1-3 in conjunction with Legion Kansus Dept. Convention. Sat., Sept. 1: Registration, evening, dance; Sept. 2: Registration, women's party at country club, joint business meeting 353b Inf. Soc. and 89th Div., including conferences of various units of division; 4 p.M., memorial service for all veterans societies, including Legion; 7 p.M., dinner dance and showing of war pictures; Sept. 32 p.A.M., Legion convention parrade with 353d Inf. and other organizations of division marching as units. Leslie E. Edmonds, chum. 114 S.

zations of division marching as units, Leslie E. Edmonds, ch mn., 114 S. Broadway, Wichita. 90° H DIV., NORTHERN STATES—FORMER THERN STATES—States write R. W. Anderson, The Boss Manufacturing Co. Manufacturing Co., Kewanee, Ill., an-ticipating reunion at Peoria, Ill., Sept.

2-4. st Drv.—Annual 91st Drv. Morthwest Zero Hour Reunion at Olympic Hotel, Seattle, Wash., Sat., Sept. 22. Oregon, Washington and Montana to participate. Jules Edward Markow, secy., 201 County-City bldg., Seattle.

County-City bldg., Seattle. 161st INF. (2b Wash. N.G.)—An-nual reunion, Spo-kane.Wash., August 22-25, in conjunc-tion with Legion Dept. Convention.

kane.Wash., August 22-25, in conjunction with Legion Dept. Convention. P. R. Malone, E. 703 Empire av., Spokane, Wash. 353p (All-Kansas) Inf. Soc.—Annual reunion, Wichita, Kans., Sept. 1-3, in conjunction with Legion Kans. Dept. Conv. and S9th Div. reunion. (See 89th Div. announcement for detailed program.) Leslie E. Edmonds, chmn., 114 S. Broadway, Wichita. 355TH Inf.—Annual reunion, Norfolk, Nebr., Sept. 23-24. Albert P. Schwarz, recording secy., 816 Security Mutual bidg., Lincoln, Nebr. 10th Inf., Co. K.—Annual reunion, Waynesburg, Pa., Saturday, August 11. Ernest O. Clayton. Waynesburg, Pa., Saturday, August 11. Ernest O. Clayton. Waynesburg, Pa. 110th Inf., Co. I., 28th Div.—4th annual reunion, Blairsville, Pa., Sept. 9. West A. Reed, secy., Route 4, Box 5A, Blairsville.

112th Inf., Co. I.—9th annual reunion, Ridgway, Pa., Aug. 9. Chas. F. Geary, pres., Ridgway.

311th Inf., Co. F.—Reunion at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 1-2. Emil Brenner, 48 Hawthorne av., Buffalo, 325th Inf., Co. I.—Reunion at Bressler's Park, Wayne, Nebr., Aug. 26. Ross Pomeroy, Allen, Nebr., 51st Pioneer Inf.—11th annual reunion, Newburgh, N. Y., Sun., Sept. 16. Milton A. Siegfried, chnnn., 155 Broadway, Newburgh.

52D PIONEER INf.—Reunion New York City, Sat., Nov. 10. N. J. Brooks, 2 West 45th st., New York City. Sat., Nov. 10. N. J. Brooks, 2 West 45th st., New York City. 313th M. G. Bn., 77th Div.—To bring roster up to date all veterans who are not members of the association or of the 306th M. G. Bn. Post, A. L., write to J. P. Mauning, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. 313th M. G. Bn., 75th Div.—To bring roster up to date all veterans who are not members of the association or of the 306th M. G. Bn. Post, A. L., write to J. P. Mauning, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. 313th M. G. Bn., 14th annual reunion, Frie, Pa., August 5. L. E. Welk, 210 Commerce bldg., Erie. 11th F. A. Vets. Assoc.—Reunion, Springfield, Mass., Sept. 1-3. R. C. Dickieson, secy-treas, 4816-47th st., Woodside, N. Y. 146th and 148th F. A., 66th Brig.—First reunion on Reunions

Wash. Henry J. Beneke, Btry. F Assoc., 146th F. A., 915 First av., Spokane.
2097H F. A.—6th annual reunion, Camp Benoisey on Illinois River at Florence, Ill., bridge, August 26. Evan L. Searcy, 229½ S. 6th st., Springfield, Ill.
222b F. A. Assoc.—Reunion at Dayton, Ohio. L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton, Ohio. 3287H F. A.—11th annual reunion, Lansing Mich., Sept. 21-23. L. J. Lynch, adjt., 1747 Madison av., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich., or Rollo C. Shriver, gen. chmn., reunion, 919 Raider st., Lansing.
22b Engrs., 1st Bn.—7th (Continued on page 64)







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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT May 31, 1934

Assets

..... \$166,132.30

\$1 752 027 55

\$1,752,027.55

Notes and accounts receivable	28,458.32
Inventory of emblem merchandise	26,391.89
Invested funds	.698,990.63
Permanent investments:	
Legion Publishing	
Corporation \$473,391.00	
Overseas Graves Decoration	
Trust177,387.17	650,778.17
Improved real estate Furniture and fixtures less depreciation	127,746.50
Furniture and fixtures less depreciation	
Deferred charges	17,000.78

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

Hitting the Line on the Home Front

(Continued from page 63)

annual reunion, Plainfield, Ill., Sept. 2. J. M. Schiffgens, seey., 1217 Illinois av., Ottawa, Ill.
60711 Regt., BTRY. A. C. A. C.—Annual reunion, Russells Point, Ohio, August 5. Rolland E. Cook, 1000 N. Michigan st., Plymouth, Ind.
31st RY. ENGRS. or THE A. E. F., ETS. or—cith annual reunion, Baltimoth of the data strains. Proceedings of the control of the contro

cisco. 109TH M. G. Br., Co. D—Annual reunion at Military Reservation, Indiantown Gap, Lebanon Co.,

Pa., Aug. 4-5. Herman Walmer, secy., P. O. bldg., Lebanon.

Lebanon.

110 TH INF., Co. A—Annual reunion at Monongahela, Pa., Sat., Aug. 11. Co. A Reunion Comm., Monongahela.

School Of Military Psychology, Camp Greenleaf, Ga.—Reunion dinner, Sept. 7, 6 p. m., at Butler Hall, 88 Morningside Dr., New York City. Dr. G. J. Rich, secy., 2430 W. Wisconsin av., Milwaukee, Wis.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 1608 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

wants information in the following cases:

59th Inf., M. G. Co., and 8th Bgde. Relay Co.—
Lt. Col. Floyd R. Walts, 55th Inf.; 1st Lt. Fos, regtl. med. offer., 8th Bgde. Relay Co.; Capt. Burrs and Lt. Smith and other comfades who recall Pyt. Marion C. Baker in either of these outfits. Lt. Smith worked with Baker in Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio, before war.

Camp Lewis, Wash., 1918—Men who enlisted Apr. 29, 1918, and recall hike several days after arrival and cold plunge into American Lake, on orders, resulting in severe colds, can assist Albert L. Clebosky (378th M. G. Bn., 91st Liv.), who was left in Camp Merritt when outfit went overseas.

7th Inf., Co. L—Men who recall Battista Depretis receiving treatment during Mar., Apr., and May, 1919, at Andernach, Germany, and being operated upon for glandular condition.

Ft. Myer, Va., and Camp Jackson, S. C.—Ex-Stable Sgt. Alex Greenvold (Co. A, 312 Cav., Ft. Myer, Va., May-Aug., 1918), and Pyt. Thomas Murphy, actg. 1st sgt., btry. div., 49th F. A., Camp Jackson, who recall injury sustained by Alphonse Jacques, Oct., 1918, while unloading grain from truck.

26th Inf., Co. E—Sgt. Docock, Asher, Pinkston and Belaue, Cpl. Radjavich, Capt. Stevens, Lt. Eggerton and others who recall accident at St. Joy, Sat., Sept. 17, 1917, when two soldiers dropped four sacks of grenades on drill field in back of company, killing several and wounding others, including Alfred F. Keslar. Latter needs help.

Serv. Park Unit 377—David A. Beckstead, Edward D. Brennan, Eugene J. Buckley and others who recall George F. LaTulip being thrown out of motorcycle at Delmantau, France, Dec., 1918, or Jan., 1919, and half-hour later struck by a car driven by a captain and a mess sergeant. Received infirmary treatment; later hospitalized at Le Mans.

Hosp., Morn Hill, Winchester, Excland—Ella Mallace Edwin Merrill, 334th Inf., 84th Div., being patient with measles and flu later part of Sept., 1918.

34th Co., 9th Bn., 166th Depot Bgde.—1st Lt. John H. Fielsted, chaps of the sate of lebert Osper.

Lare, Wash, John Lord, R. S. Berry, D. Sth Div., Ft. Sill, Okla.—
S3D F. A., Berry, D. Sth Div., Ft. Sill, Okla.—
Thomas R. De Swarte, Frank Mory, Danyal and others of Btry. D. Charles Gracalone and others of Base Hosp., Ft. Sill, to assist Giovanbattista Passen-

others of Biry. D, Charles Gracalone and others of Base Hosp., Ft. Sill, to assist Giovanbattista Passentino.

Marine Corps—Ambrose Fell, Ernest Baumgartner, Jacob Barth, Henry G. Deeks and others to assist Henry C. Persons establish claim account uberculosis contracted in service.

U. S. S. San Diego—Chief Water-tender Bill Heinser, Chief Michst. Mate Barnes, Fireman C. N. Buttrey, Michet. Mates Ramsey and "Windy" Miller, Firemen Harold Minnick, Donavon, Marks, Meeks, Joe Eagleton and others who recall J. J. Poinboeuf (nicknamed "Blackie" and "Frenchy") receiving back injury while passing coal on board just before ship went to dry-dock for last time before being sunk in July, 1918.

165th Inf., Hq. Co., 42d Div.—Earl D. Pierce (Brooklyn, N. Y.), Bill G. Ivey and others to assist James Jess Underwood.

15th Amb. Co., 2d Div., A. E. F.—Former comrades who recall Israel Weislitz being hospitalized both in A. E. F. and in this country.

Ligon, Andrew Jackson, 144th Inf., Med. Det., 36th Div., 5 ft. 8 in., 110 lbs., blue eyes, dark hair. Teacher by profession. Nervous disability as result of service; father appointed guardian. Left Ft. Worth, Tex., Apr. 10, 1934; last heard of in Kansas City, Ks. Missing.

14th Inf., Co. I, 36th Div.—Pvt. George Collis, Capt. Claudius W. Sears and others who recall Pvt. Bailey A. Hulse being stricken with flu at front in Champagne sector, Oct. 5, 1918, and being sent to field hospitals where he remained a month.

Med. Repl. Units, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., Jan., 1918—Cpl. Martin Schor, Pvt. Robert Parton and others who recall Fred A. Parkhurst being treated for fallen arches.

JOHN J. NOLL The Company Clerk



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h a long evening ahead... and dinner time still an hour

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